



AS YOU WERE



U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 24

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Five Cents a Copy

GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHES UNIVERSITY FOR AMERICAN OVERSEAS SOLDIERS

COMPLETE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM PROVES
POPULAR WITH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

OVER 9,000 MEN
NOW ENROLLED

Interview with Secretary of War Gives Details

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker feels very proud of what the American Expeditionary Forces have done in France. They have not only established the military prestige of the country, vindicated the principles upon which it was founded, but have also taken over with them a great peace-time institution—a great educational system that is wholly America. Of the American Expeditionary Force University the Secretary feels especially proud because it stamps the American army, not as a military machine, but rather as a nation solidly enlisted in a holy cause, and ready to resume peace-time activities when once that cause had been attained, even before the men had reached their home soil. In a recent interview the Secretary said:

"Now, there is another thing in France of which no adequate idea can be given, and the most that anybody can do is to speak with enthusiasm about it; this is the American Expeditionary Force University. There never has been anything like this in the world. At Beaune, France, they have set up a university. The buildings were originally put up for a base hospital and the war came to an end before they had been occupied. The university was, therefore, established at this place. There are over nine thousand students there and there are eleven departments in the university—they have a school of agriculture, a divinity school, a school of law, a school of medicine, a college of arts, a college of science, a school of dentistry. I cannot enumerate the others, but practically any subject that a man wants to know can be taken up at the university. They have gotten the teachers in part from the teachers with the Y. M. C. A., brought over when it planned to do work along this line; but for the most part the teachers are college professors or college graduates who were in the ranks themselves as soldiers and who have volunteered as teachers, and as you go through the university you find for instance, a private on the platform lecturing on integral calculus and there will be seated down in the classroom a major, a couple of captains, a lieutenant or two, sergeants and corporals, but the man who knows is the private; he is the professor and the military hierarchy is completely upset before the intellectual hierarchy. Perhaps in the next department of the university, however, a major will be the lecturer, and so on, sometimes an officer, sometimes a non-commissioned officer and often a private.

Enrollment Large

About nine thousand men are now taking courses at the university. And the courses, by the way, are wonderfully complete. In the department of agriculture, for instance, they have a division of soils, a division of vegetable gardening, a division of economics of farm management, a division of marketing, a division of crops, a division of animal pests; practically the whole field of agricultural education, so far as I know the whole field is covered in the school of agriculture.

In addition to the university, as you know, some three thousand of our men are matriculated in colleges in England and France. They are actually in Cambridge, Oxford, the University of London, University of Manchester, Trinity College, of the University of Dublin, and in the Sorbonne and other French universities, so that three thousand of our men are in

foreign universities and are taking courses there.

In addition to this, they have at Beaune as a part of the University what they call the normal college and to this school selected men are sent from the various divisions in France. These men take a course in pedagogy. They go back to their divisions after three or four weeks of this and set up schools to teach the men in the elementary branches.

Of course, all the men in the university agree to stay until the completion of the course for which they have matriculated, which is three or four months, I think.

The idea of all of this is that no soldier will return to the United States illiterate. In addition to providing opportunities for higher education and education in the professions they get down to the A. B. C.'s of the matter by giving men an opportunity to take up elementary subjects, thus making it practically impossible for anybody to get back to the United States without having acquired a knowledge of English sufficient to enable him to read and write.

Enthusiasm Great

The enthusiasm of the men for education work is the most amazing thing. Everybody at the university is there voluntarily and the professors are, many of them, men of great eminence; the head of the department of philosophy, for instance, is a professor of philosophy in one of the great American universities. I was told with one accord every place I went that a man in Beaune would get the same amount of work done in a month that the average or better than average college student would do in three months. The boys are more mature. For some time their minds have been fallow—at rest on intellectual subjects. This educational activity is taking the place of the old interest in war and the central idea is sliding over from one thing to the other, so that their concentration of attention is marvelous.

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

EXTRA MILEAGE PAY BEING DISTRIBUTED

PAY OF DISCHARGE BONUSES BEING RUSHED

After having completed the payment of 1,400,000 claims for the sixty dollar bonus granted to officers and enlisted men, the Zone Finance Officer in Washington, D. C., is now busy paying claims of discharged soldiers for the one and one-half cent mileage due them under the Act of February 28 last. This act authorized travel pay to enlisted men honorably discharged since November 11 at the rate of five cents per mile to actual bona fide home or residence, or place of original muster into the service. Until recently, discharged soldiers have been allowed three and one-half cents per mile, but the Comptroller of the Treasury has decided that discharged soldiers are entitled to the five cent rate. A blank form which includes the necessary affidavit for the additional travel allowance may be obtained from any recruiting officer, the Red Cross, or other agency organized to aid soldiers. The affidavit must be accompanied by a true copy of the soldier's discharge certificate, certified by a recruiting officer or the original discharge certificate, which later will be returned along with the check for travel allowance.

PARKVIEW ADJUTANT AWAY ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Our efficient Adjutant, Captain J. O. Brown, Sanitary Corps, is spending a short leave with his family at Long Island, Portland, Me. Captain Brown was called to his home because of the illness of his daughter, Winifred. The sympathies of the entire command are extended to him and his family. We all wish for a speedy return to health of the ailing ones.

Captain Reginald Ducat is acting as Adjutant in the absence of Captain Brown.



Captain Robert Pollock

CRACK PRUSSIAN GUARDS SMASHED BY DARING PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS

CAPTAIN ROBERT POLLOCK TELLS OF DRIVE
MADE BY 18th MEN AND DEFEAT OF
CROWN PRINCE'S TROOPS

UNDERGROUND FIGHT

Regiment Tunneled from House
to House in Fismette to
Oust Huns

SUNK U-BOAT AT SEA

"When the Twenty-eighth Division of the United States Army met the Twenty-eighth Division, German Imperial Army" was the subject of a thrilling story of the former Pennsylvania National Guardsmen, and principally of the One Hundred and Eleventh Infantry, the old Eighteenth Regiment of Pittsburgh, related by Capt. Robert Pollock, commander of a machine gun company of the One Hundred and Eleventh, who is now a patient at the United States General Hospital No. 24, Parkview, recovering from a dangerous wound inflicted by a Boche machine gunner.

The flower of the German Army, commanded by the former Crown Prince, was met, defeated, and put to rout by the Pennsylvania division, declared Capt. Pollock.

How the transport carrying the troops overseas rammed a submarine; how the One Hundred and Third Engineers, more of "Pennsylvania's Own," built a bridge across the Vesle under heavy machine gun fire, and how the doughboy virtually tunneled his way from house to house in Fismettes with his hands to ride the town of Boche machine gunners who occupied practically every window, are a few of the incidents related by Capt. Pollock in his description of the part played by the old Eighteenth, which is practically a complete history of the regiment from the time it left Camp Hancock until he was carried off the field of battle on September 6.

Left Early in Morning

Capt. Pollock said: "We left Camp Hancock April 28, 1918, and went to Hoboken. There we were in barracks for a few days and on the night of May 4, silently, we filed onto the White Star liner Olympic, one of the biggest transports afloat. There were 7,000 of us aboard when, in the dim light of the early dawn of May 5, the transport pulled away from its slip and started on the perilous journey to France.

"Just about that time the German submarines were becoming active off the Atlantic Coast. We had no protecting destroyers at our side; we had no defense other than the guns, fore and aft. We were alone, not even an

other transport with us. This was because of the Olympic's speed, she was too fast for the ordinary convoy, and we had to take our chances alone. Aid of destroyers did arrive but only after we had rammed a German U-boat.

"Everything was mighty quiet until the following Friday morning. But on May 10, when we were slumbering the shock came.

Transport Rammed U-Boat

"I was confident we had been torpedoed. I heard other men from nearby bunks scrambling about dressing. Everybody, I guess, was awakened by the crash. Then came another thunderous roar, and another, and another. It was the aft guns booming. It was sure we had been torpedoed and figured our gunners were taking a crack at the undersea boat in hopes of making it pay dearly for sinking us. But still the signal to take to the boats did not come, and I was puzzled. I sat there waiting. Soon some person stumbled past my room. I inquired what the trouble was.

"I learned that the Olympic, while steering a zigzag course, rammed a submarine. We had just swung one way or another when the watch on the bridge discovered the undersea boat. He didn't hesitate a second—just gave the order for full speed ahead and trusted to God that we wouldn't miss, and we didn't. What was elf of the submarine after the collision the gunners destroyed with the few shots I had heard.

Trained With the British

"We had no trouble after that and landed, May 13, on the coast of France, just eight days after we had slipped away from Hoboken.

"After arriving in France we were thrown in behind the British lines for training. This was at St. Omer.

(Continue on page 2, column 3)

The Serial Sensa- tion of the War

"THE ROCK OF THE MARNE"

Commencing in next issue—

WARTH FOR IT

SOLDIER PATIENT HAS MANY THRILLS ON BATTLEFIELDS

HAS RECEIVED CITATION
FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALOR

Fine Liberty Loan Worker

GERMAN BIRTH DOES
NOT HINDER HIM IN
BATTLE FOR RIGHT

The following story and this soldier's picture are published for two reasons. First, to let the general public know something of the fine spirit of heroism and gallantry with which the American soldier and especially this one fights. Second, to let the general public, and especially young men contemplating enlisting or re-enlisting, that the Army has unlimited educational facilities. This young man, without much early education, enlisted at the beginning of the war and has applied himself not only to the military work but has studied human nature among his fellow companions and has devoted much of his spare time to the Army's Literary Course of Instruction. Here is a fine example of the Army's motto, "Learn while you earn." Corporal Schweitzer found himself through opportunities offered him while a patient at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 24. Good fortune knocked at his door and he was prepared. The young man who is living up to his earnings and cannot save money, or the young man who wants to go to college and has not the funds, will do well to consider a one or three-year course in the "University of Khaki." Please note the letter from the Victory Loan Representative, regarding Corporal Schweitzer.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF CLEVELAND

Wheeling, W. Va., May 12, 1919.
Commanding Officer,
Parkview Hospital,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

We have released Corporal Schweitzer, and furnished him with his transportation, and directed him to return to you.

We extend our sincere thanks to you for sending Corporal Schweitzer to us. Our experience in Liberty Loan work has extended throughout all of the campaigns, and Corporal Schweitzer is by far the best soldier Liberty Loan orator we have ever had with us.

It may surprise you to note us mentioning him as an orator. Doubtless he never dreamed he would address an audience, but during his stay here, he has learned to speak of his experiences, that holds an audience intensely interested for an hour. His services have been rendered in a courteous and willing manner. We very sincerely appreciate them, and shall always hold him in high esteem.

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) BAIRD MITCHELL,
Territorial Chairman.

My name is Corporal Schweitzer. I was born in Germany and came to



Corp. Charles Schweitzer

this country three years before the war broke out. When the state of war was proclaimed I enlisted in the 11th Infantry, 28th Division. I wanted to go to war but could not be drafted as I had never been naturalized. My outfit went to France last

July 4th will mark the passing of the first year of Parkview as a Military Hospital. As you WERE will signal the event by an Anniversary Edition. It will be large, artistic and replete with interesting features, not only interesting to the soldiers but to the Pittsburgh public. Watch for it. Ask your news-dealer to get it for you.

May and was only there four weeks when we were sent up to the lines. Our first engagement with the Huns was on Hill 204, a pretty hard place to go through. We lost plenty of men, and many of our pals are now buried over there and will never come back to the good old U. S. A. We captured the hill and drove the Huns back to Chateau Thierry, which was another strong point. We had to face thousands of machine guns, heavy artillery and gas. Chateau Thierry may sound to you to be a pretty nice name for a town, but it was hell when I went through it. We drove them out of Chateau Thierry and along the Vesel River, and for many days we could not keep up with the Boche they were running so fast, and we used to get sore at them for making us walk so far without giving a counter-attack. It was in early August when we were lying in the woods along the Vesel River on the left side of Fismes underneath the road for a rest, but always under heavy artillery fire. On the 10th of August we went up to the lines, starting at four p. m. and walked all night through the woods, most of the time with our gas masks in position.

The next morning, Sunday, the 11th of August, was a rather unlucky day for me. I only got hit three times that day and about noon time I was buried by a heavy shell explosion. I saw a few of our fellows all torn to pieces by the same shell. Many had their arms or legs torn off and some of them were dead. So we started out further, pushing back the Germans. We got on the railroad and on the other side the German machine guns were so thick that it was hardly possible to get through. On the railroad bank I got hit a second time with a piece of shell, but it did not do me any serious harm, only knocking me out for a few minutes. We could not cross the railroad, but had to turn around and take another direction to get around the machine guns. About five o'clock the same day I was hit in my right arm with three machine gun bullets so I was compelled to stop fighting, for I did not want any more. I had no one to help me, on account of the machine gun fire being so heavy, so I put my first aid on by myself, crawled about 150 yards on my left arm, and when I got out of the machine gun fire I took my right arm in my left hand and walked about a mile and a half before I reached a first aid station. From there I was sent to a hospital, and remained nine weeks in France, and was then sent back to the U. S. A. When they told me I was to be sent back to the states, I was the happiest boy that ever was in France, and so were the rest of my pals who received the same notice. France was a good place to go to for the kind of work we had to do, but it was a lot better place to get away from.

A soldier's life in France was not what lots of people in America think it was, for some people think all the soldiers went to France for was a good time. If they knew the conditions, how the soldier had to live, how he got his meals, they would think altogether different. From my own experience, I never had my clothes off from the first day of July till the 11th of August, when I got wounded. If it had not been for that I probably would have had to keep them on a couple more weeks, and if it had not been for the cooties I had between my clothes and skin I hardly think they would have gotten my clothes off me. The longest I went without eats was four days. These are the good times the American soldier had in France, and some of them worse than this. It was no picnic. It was Fourth of July every day.

Anybody who says the Huns could not fight is not telling the truth because every American soldier who got in contact with them will tell you different. They fought like wild beasts, but that did not scare the Americans and they fought harder and better than any other fighters in this war, and that is the reason we have peace today in America, a peace of which we should all be proud, one that is continuing our national traditions and maintaining our country's policy of justice and democracy.

SALVATION ARMY HEAD PRAISES MEDICAL MEN

High praise is bestowed upon the men comprising the American Expeditionary Forces by Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army, who was returned from service with the Third Army in Germany. She spent the winter with the troops in the region around Verdun with the Second Army, and because of her close touch with the men, speaks of the "influence of the Christian homes of America" upon them. "They are splendid boys," she says. "People talk of the toughening influence of Army life, of its dangers and evils, but I can say the boys are unharmed and unspoiled. They are just clean, manly cheery boys, ready to respond to any reminder of home and mother. I wish people could see as I have how splendidly the Army is being managed and how fine are the new standards and conduct of our men."

Buy wisely what you really need now and save the rest in Thrift and W. S. S. for a sunny opportunity.

MANY ARMY HOSPITALS REDUCED IN BED CAPACITY

PARKVIEW NOT YET AFFECTED

Many army hospitals are facing reduction in bed capacity, transfer to the Public Health Service, or complete abandonment, as a result of recent orders of the Surgeon General. These sweeping changes indicate how, in the Medical Department as well as in other army branches, a rapid process of demobilization is taking place, which will place Uncle Sam once more on a peace footing. Thirteen hospitals are to undergo a reduction of bed capacity, nine others have been or will be taken over by the Public Health Service, eight are in a doubtful status, having been refused by the Public Health Service, and ten others have already been abandoned altogether or face that fate in the near future.

According to the present order, Hospital No. 24 is not yet affected by the order.

A reduction of bed capacity at various camp hospitals has been ordered by the Surgeon General as follows:

- Camp Bowie, Texas—From 1000 to 750 beds.
 - Camp Devens, Mass.—From 1521 to 1200 beds.
 - Camp Dix, N. J.—From 1878 to 1200 beds.
 - Camp Dodge, Iowa—From 1200 to 1000 beds.
 - Camp Gordon, Ga.—From 1200 to 500 beds.
 - Camp Grant, Ill.—From 1600 to 1200 beds.
 - Camp Lee, Virginia—From 1500 to 1000 beds.
 - Camp Lewis, Wash.—From 1000 to 750 beds.
 - Camp Meade, Maryland—From 1300 to 1200 beds.
 - Camp Pike, Ark.—From 1100 to 750 beds.
 - Camp Taylor, Kentucky — From 1850 to 1500 beds.
 - Camp Ft. Riley, Kansas—From 1500 to 1200 beds.
 - Camp Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.—From 2300 to 1200 beds.
- U. S. Army General Hospital No. 9 at Lakewood, New Jersey, will be abandoned and patients and personnel removed on or before June 1. The transfer of patients to this hospital ceased after May 1.

A number of army hospitals will be closed and turned over to the Public Health Service for the care of beneficiaries under the War Risk Insurance act.

WARD NOTES

Wonder if we will be quarantined now since we have a Kauff in the ward!

The height of Ambition—Green.

We now have a bed of Plants and a Gardner.

How much does Seamons like ice cream? Oh, about three plates full.

Zinkan:—What does R. A. mean?

"Run Abouts."

Miss Naramore:— "Running Always."

Who can be gloomy on a rainy day with Miss Koehan around?

On July 1st when the country dispenses with "firewater", does that include "Dakins"?

First Class Private Green was observed pushing a broom one day last week.

The ward certainly does miss Lt. Barrett, but just can't envy him his furlough.

The boys want to know if Miss Patterson is also a cook, because she is an excellent baker and kneader.

We overheard someone refer to the Dakin Ward as the Nakid Ward. It's a hard thing to prevent.

One of the nurses on T. A. was so jealous because one of her patients had his picture taken, holding an extremely young lady in his arms that she had hers taken the same way.

"Wilkie" says if someone does not write pretty soon there will be something doing. She does not want her friends to hesitate about sending in notes for "Asyouwere." Just let her know what you think of it.

Can the Detachment beat the nurses for cars? We have an Overland, a Studebaker and a White.

We have several patients who insist that they suffer from "confounded" fractures, and take "cornstarch" baths. "Contrast" baths are really much better.—From Listening Post,

At last the Q. M. have started to observe clothing regulations. We notice that the members of the Q. M. Detachment are beginning to wear their uniforms in a soldierly fashion. They have even taken to collar ornaments. However, we noticed that when Corp. Irvin put on his Q. M. ornament he turned the Q. M. insignia toward the inside. We don't like to make any accusations, but the men of the Medical Department have always worn their insignia and proudly displayed it to the world. (Woof).

HOME SERVICE HELPS BOYS DURING STAY HERE

Parkview Mother Watches Over Them

As stated by the soldiers, "The Red Cross is the first to greet you and the last to say good-bye." So it is with the Home Service at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 24, at Parkview, Pa.

Immediately upon the soldier's arrival, he is interviewed by Mrs. Catherine M. Hoyt, Associate Field Director, and informed of the many activities at the Hospital, of the good spirit that prevails, and how everything is being done to make him well as quickly as possible and keep him happy during his convalescence.

Letters are then written to their nearest relatives, telling them that the Associate Field Director has personally seen their soldier boy, and assuring them of the good care he will receive. These letters bring many responses of appreciation, such as (1) "Thanks for your kind letter about my son. I am pleased to hear that he is well looked after by the Red Cross. He spoke highly of them."

(2) "Dear Madam: I am sincerely thankful to you for your kindness in letting me know so much about my son's condition. I had a letter from you almost every day for two weeks. I have been showing them to many ladies, all Red Cross workers themselves. Thank you again, Mrs. Hoyt, for your kindness to my son and me, and for your interest." (3) "I want to tell you that my son has always in his letters, spoken so well of the Red Cross and of the fine care he is receiving, so we are not worried about him."

After the boys are assigned, they are visited daily, and they soon unburden their worries, and every effort is made to straighten out any difficulties that may arise. If the worries are about the home folks or the home, Mrs. Hoyt gets in touch with the local Red Cross Home Service Sections, and the boy is later notified of the results.

At present his return to civilian life is his first consideration, and Mrs. Hoyt again advises him of the advantages offered by the Educational Department, which will help him adjust himself more readily to civilian life and at the same time occupy his spare time while at the Hospital.

As soon as he is recommended for discharge, he is fully informed of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and arrangements made for him to interview their representative. He is encouraged to take advantage of the opportunities of a course in vocational training, or completing his education along any desired line, or of the possibility of securing suitable employment along the lines which he desires to follow. If he is transferred to another hospital or camp, it is made known that the Red Cross will welcome him and help him.

When he is discharged, he is impressed with the fact that the Home Service of the Red Cross is still his greatest mother, and to her he can go at any time, no matter what his problem may be. The many calls at the Home Service Office assures the Red Cross that the work is greatly appreciated, and that "Mother" Hoyt is always ready to answer any inquiry, and from the echoes we hear, these replies must be satisfactory. We hear continually, "Ask Mrs. Hoyt, she knows."

THE EMPLOYEES OF THE CANTEEN

The Noisiest Sergeant—Sergeant Vincent.

The Canteen Victrola—Corporal Heffer.

The Flower Girl—A. Ford.

The Telephone Company's Chief Customer—Private Nippel.

The Politest Clerk—Corporal Parlee.

Crack Prussian Guards (Continued from page 1)

Later, the division was scattered about. I, with 14 other officers and 33 non-coms, was sent to Camiers, where there was one of the best machine gun schools I think ever existed. I was taught the use of the Vickers machine gun, which we expected to use.

"After remaining at Camiers for a month I was ordered back to my company, which was then stationed at St. Denis, near Paris, as a reserve unit to be used in case the German smash, which was expected daily, might break through and envelop Paris. We were to be among those making the last stand in the defense of Paris.

Prepared for Big Drive

"On July 1 I caught up with my company. It had been moved from St. Denis and was then at a point near Chateau-Thierry. We took up reserve quarters near by, to be ready in case the Germans should break through, for it was confidently expected that if a break should be effected the Germans would sweep down the Marne valley toward Paris. This drive was expected to start July 4. Then we were sent back to another point for a couple of days, after which we were ordered into Grand Forest—and it was a grand forest. We had been notified July 3, early in the

morning, that we were to move forward for action, and the boys were ready an hour afterward, so anxious were they to get started. They really wanted to fight and the delay we had met was displeasing to them, to say the least.

Made Many Forced Marches

"But, on July 10, their spirits again arose. It had been learned—I don't know how—that the German attack would be launched July 15—the anniversary of the independence of France. And believe me, for the next six nights we marched, continually. Forced marches were nothing. We weren't always going forward, in fact, they were moving us this way and that, not knowing just where the blow was going to be struck. We only marched 14 kilometers forward in those six days and nights, but we marched many more if the distance we actually walked were computed.

"Finally we got in position behind the Fourth and the Seventh Infantry, at Chateau-Thierry, and that's just where the big punch started. We got into position at 11 p. m., on the night of July 16, after having marched from 8 o'clock that morning. Then we ate a big, hot supper, for we knew it would be the last we would get for a couple of days—probably the last some of us would ever get, which was true. We loaded up with "tin willie" (corned beef) and hard bread, and set sail. We were going to relieve the Seventh Infantry, but we never had a chance. The Germans after they were stopped, started backwards so much faster than they had advanced that there was no chance to relieve any person, it was just one continual grind forward, in pursuit of the much scared Prussians, the flower of the German Army.

Victory Made Men Happy

"You have all heard about the gallantry of Capt. John H. Shenkel and Capt. Cedric C. Benz and their men at Hill 204, well, that was the real thing for us. When we saw how our boys met and licked those touted Prussian Guards of the Crown Prince's army, that made us chuckle with glee. Our spirits went up several hundred degrees and we were prepared to emulate the two officers and their men.

"We got into real action at Fismes—or, I might say, we went into Fismes expecting action. However, the scrap was nearly all over there, but the Germans were throwing high explosives and gas into the town at a tremendous rate. Our job was to hold the town until our next push started, and we didn't have to hold long. Our own engineers were rushed up and those boys, with comrades dropping off about as rapidly as you could count them, threw a pontoon bridge across the Vesle River in no time. Machine gun bullets weren't being sprinkled on them there, they were being rained on them, and rained hard. Their casualties were enormous, as the reports probably indicated. But they built the bridge, and we crossed, and we were rained with machine gun fire, gas and high explosives. The machine gunners followed the infantry, our guns were too heavy to keep pace with the doughboys.

Doughboys Clean Up Town

"It was in this scrap that Capt. Arch Williams was wounded and Capt. John Clarke of Wilkinsburg, and Capt. Orville R. Thompson of Pittsburgh, killed. We were advancing on Fismettes when they fell.

"When we got into Fismettes the real fighting started. German machine gunners occupied every window in every house in town. We had to clear those houses before we could clean out the town, and our men were dropping like flies. We had virtually no protection from that awful rain of fire from the machine guns. The doughboys, though, went forward, and they mopped up. They went into the first house in one block and you didn't see them again till they came out of the last house in the block. They dug through the walls from one house to another, and every time they left a house the Kaiser's army was minus several more men.

No Quarter Asked or Given

"They asked no mercy and they showed none. They dug through those walls, often with their bare hands, and they tore at those machine gun men like tigers. No wonder the German defense cracked; no wonder that it fled before those American doughboys. Many of our men went down, too, but they got a couple for every one that went down. There wasn't a live German left in town when they got through.

"One incident which occurred there is mighty strange. We found only one inhabitant, aside from German soldiers, in the town. This was a woman, a woman aged about 50. She said she had stayed in town to protect her property. She started to tell some awful tales, but we hadn't time to listen and sent her back to regimental headquarters. Subsequently the property which she had been watching was destroyed, we destroyed it. That was when the Germans recaptured the town and we had to shell them out.

Officers Are Wounded

"After we drove them out again, however, we went forward, moving toward our third objective; we had gained our first and second. The third was the plateau between the Vesle and the Aisne, northeast of Fismette. We were well up on this place when

I was hit. Lieut. Daniel W. Brooks of Swissvale was killed at the same time. He was one of those fine fellows every person likes. When I fell I didn't lie long. They came along, picked me up and started me for the hospital, and the law I saw of my men when, led by Lieut. Edward Z. Wainwright, they were moving over the brow of the hill on to their objective.

Among the many strange things about the battles that the old Eighteenth participated in was that it once faced the Eighteenth Regiment of the German army. This sounded so "fishy," the Captain said, that Capt. Robert Cain of Pittsburgh, cut the shoulder straps from a captain of the regiment, who had been killed, and sent them back to his wife.

When asked about the assertion that Americans were sent into action against the well trained Germans, ignorant of how to handle a rifle, Capt. Pollock replied, "I heard nothing of that until I reached here. Of course I cannot say anything about the Argonne forest, I was not there, but as to the action up to the time I was wounded, I can say the men were trained."

Capt. Pollock enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth Regiment, in November, 1904. When the National Guard was called upon during the Mexican border trouble in 1916, Capt. Pollock was transferred to a machine gun company.

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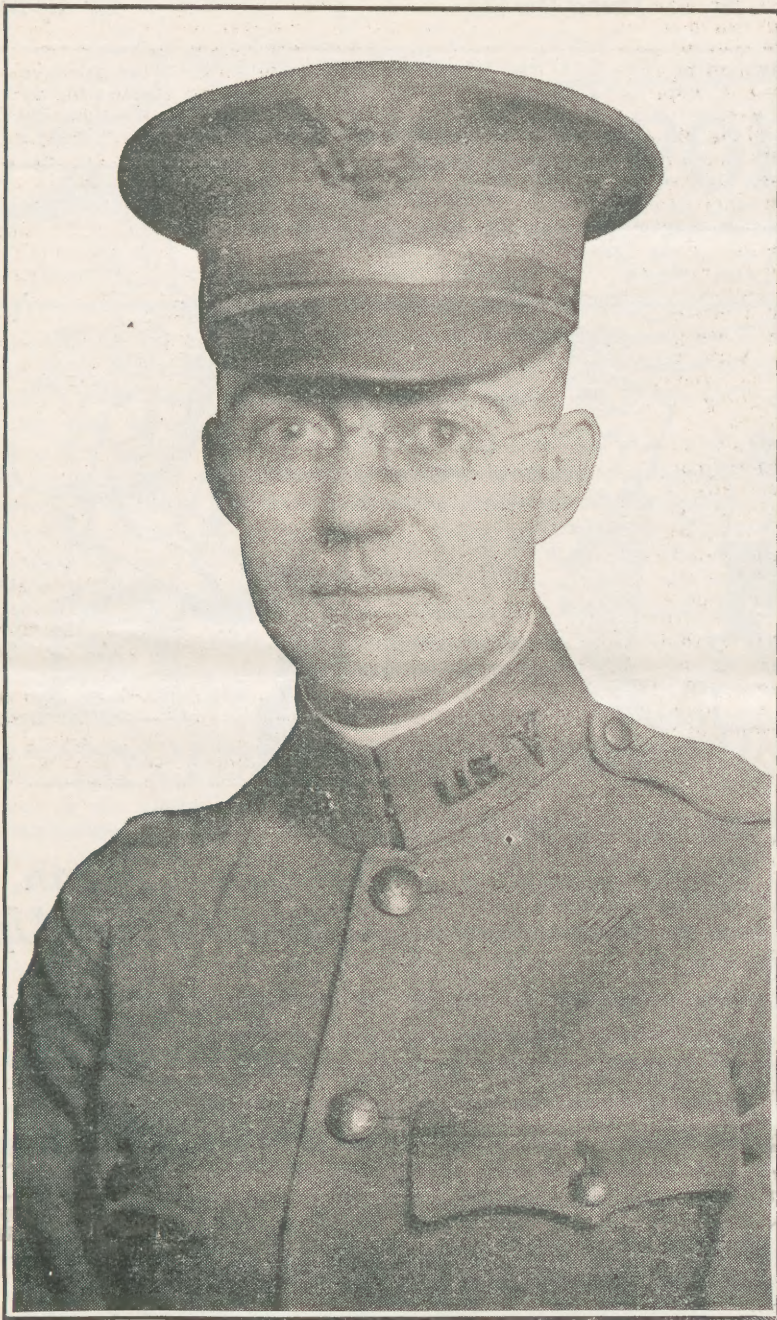
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MAJ. BEVERIDGE H. MOORE
Chief of Orthopaedic Service

Major B. H. Moore was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps, September 20, 1917, and ordered to active service at the Army Medical School, Washington, D. C., November 15, 1917. There he was stationed also at the Providence Hospital, when he was ordered to Boston, Mass., March 3, 1918, as assistant instructor in military orthopaedics at the Harvard Graduate School of Medicine. He remained there from May 29, 1918, until December 10, 1918, when he was ordered to General Hospital No. 10 at Boston, from which institution he was later transferred to the U. S. A. General Hospital at Parkview.

Major Moore was graduated from the University of Chicago and the

Rush Medical College. He served two years' internship at the New Haven General Hospital, New Haven, Conn. Major Moore has held the position as instructor in the Rush Medical College, Chicago, and was, at the time of his being called into service, instructor in orthopaedics at the Northwestern University Medical School at Chicago.

Since his entrance into the service Major Moore has devoted himself most patriotically to his duties and has evinced a professional skill that has won him his promotions to a Captaincy and now to that of Major. As Chief of the Orthopaedic Service at this hospital he has established a record of which both he and the institution may be justly proud.

EAST LIBERTY POST ORGANIZED

Veteran Legion Auxiliary Formed in East End

The East Liberty Post of the American Legion was formally organized last Monday at a mass meeting of the soldiers, sailors and marines of the district in Memorial Hall. The post which has not yet been officially named, is to include all men who served in the military forces of the nation during the war, now residing in the Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards of the city.

A permanent organization was effected and temporary officers were elected. Captain Frank R. Flood was elected president and Jack Thompson secretary. Judge John B. Drew, of the county court, opened the meeting and then turned it over to Captain Flood.

The procedure of the recent National convention in St. Louis, Mo. was discussed by several delegates. Captain Flood appointed the chairmen of the various committees as follows: Committee on Permanent Quarters, Edward E. Damon; Membership, Thomas Drew; Publicity, F. J. McCloskey; By-Laws, Joseph H. Bialis; Finance, John H. Scott. These chairmen are to appoint their own committees.

The next meeting will be held next Monday night, probably in the rooms of the Pittsburgh Board of Trade in East Liberty. While the East Liberty Post was organizing in Memorial Hall a mass meeting of legioners of Carnegie and vicinity was held in Carnegie Library, Carnegie.

Captain Clarence D. Nixon, chairman of the meeting, explained the purpose of the movement, telling a large audience of soldiers and citizens that the organization would be similar to the G. A. R. posts of Civil War veterans.

Sergeant Paulson Foster and James Laughlin also delivered addresses. A meeting will be held next week in the Elks' Temple, Carnegie, when officers will be elected.

"Asyouwere" will soon be in a posi-

tion to print full particulars about all local chapters of the American Legion. Material is gradually piling up from official sources so that complete information will soon be offered to veterans of the great war.

PHYSIO-THERAPY NOTES

Francis Young joined the P. T. Reconstruction Aides. She came from Philadelphia, where she completed her course in physical education. She was a welcome arrival, as the Department is growing so rapidly the present number of Aides have found it impossible to take care of all the cases that require treatment.

On Thursday last the P. T. girls entertained the Occupational Therapy Aides at the Nurses' Red Cross House. A luncheon was served at the usual mess hour and the evening was spent in dancing. Among the numbers which proved quite popular were the Reveille One Step, the O. T. Waltz, the Mess Call Hop, the (You) R. A. Jazz (Baby), the Guard House Walk, the A. W. O. L. Light Step, Retreat Waltz and Taps Extra. Miss Walker sang a couple of numbers, which were very much appreciated and two other gifted O. T.'s told fortunes "by hands," and it is safe to say that all "hands" were present.

The Physio-Therapy girls were pleased to receive Mary S. Thomas as one of their new members. Miss Thomas arrived from overseas May 4 and reported at this hospital on the 15th. She went across October 6, 1918, on the S. S. Adriatic. Her first hospital appointment was at Chateaux. Later she was transferred to Base 30, Royat; Base 109, Vichy, and Base 88, Savonay. She was connected with the Third Division.

The "Foot Squad" have been very busy lately practicing their foot exercises and in consequence of their marked enthusiasm a number of that favored crowd have received their diplomas and incidentally had their discharges handed to them. Of course, it was a sad day for the fellows who had to leave, a sort of Onion-topsy-farewell-teary day, you know.

Captain Clark lectured to the nurses on Electro-Therapy Tuesday, May 13.

MORE OVERSEAS MEN COME TO PARKVIEW

Another contingent of patients has arrived at Twenty-four. Their names and organizations are herewith printed:

Dinko, Andy A., Private (first class), Company C, 605th Engineers.
Hafen, Carl G., Private, Co. C, 26th Infantry.
Silknitted, Frank, Private, Co. B, 51st Engineers.
Bevan, Howard J., Private (first class), Co. C, 327th Infantry.
Hanson, Alfred W., Private, Co. A, 318th M. G. Bn.
McCarthy, Wm. C., Private, Co. R. S., 317 Tank.
Johnson, Sylvester, Private, Co. A, 505th Engineers.
Anderson, William F., Corporal, Co. A, 44th F. A.
Delledonne, Aneglo, Private, Co. 1586 Gas Co.
Howells, Geo. E., Private, Co. C, 129th Engineers.
Gast, Roy, Corporal, Co. Amb. 305. Virginia, Louis, Private, Co. I, 328th Infantry.
Lang, Felix, Private, Co. A, 137th Engineers.
Heider, Carl, Private (first class), Co. H, 56th Infantry.
Covert, Thos. D., Private, Co. C, 314th F. A.
Conway, Robt., Private, Co. D, 12th M. G. Bn.
Wroblesky, Bernard A., Private (first class), Co. C, 15th M. G. Bn.
Burns, Wm., Private, Batt. B, 102nd F. A.
Fuster, Jos., Private, Co. I, 316th Infantry.
Falbo, Carmelo, Private, Co. G, 305th Infantry.
Lissfelt, John, Sergeant, Co. L, 52nd Infantry.
Christman, Harry O., Corporal, Co. L, 116th Infantry.
Watterson, Hubert, Corporal, Co. K, 320th Infantry.
Riling, Fred, Private, Co. 11, Aero Squadron.
Davis, Henry J., Private, Co. TMB., 3rd Artillery.
Dubbs, Lawrence T., Private (first class), Co. 158, Aero Squadron.
Miller, Harry E., 2nd Lt., R. T. C. Dallengare, Antonio, Private, Det. Gudelis, Tonis, Private (first class), Co. M, 42nd Infantry.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF A PARKVIEW PATIENT

July 6th—Was out in No-Man's-Land with two other men on a scouting expedition last night. I noticed a bunch of stumps ahead of us, but when we approached them they moved quickly into formation and very soon bullets from three machine guns were flying over us. It was four o'clock when they stopped firing on us and at daybreak they (15 of them) were marching into our trench as prisoners.

July 14th—At Chateau Thierry—The 26th Division certainly drew a lemon when they took over this sector. This barbed-wire seems to be alive the way it twists and doubles and cuts and scratches. It is queer how some of these fellows can go over with such a happy smile on their faces. They ought to make good poker players if they come back.

July 15th—One D. S. C. will come into our company for _____'s action today. Lieut. N _____ didn't come back from his scouting expedition and when the captain called for a volunteer, _____ was over the top and gone like a scared rabbit. He returned next day bearing Lieut. N _____ on his back.

Did you ever stand on top of a very high tower and get that sort of "achy" feeling in the bottom of your feet? That's the way you ache all over when one of these German '77s sings a few feet above you.

Back in Liverpool some of the wounded Tommies said we Americans were coming over after they had "won the war." Who ever accused the English of having no sense of humor? (To be continued)

MANY BENEFACTORS HELP BRING COMFORT TO PARKVIEW PATIENTS

Life at Parkview has been made almost enjoyable by the kindness of many friends—home made cake and candy (oh, if you knew how good they tasted!)—and the automobil rides supplied by the Emergency Aid, the Twentieth Century Club and other good friends. Each day we wonder if we can have a ride. The Ladies of the G. A. R. have waved a magic wand over the Officers' Ward and now easy chairs, tables and ferns abound. The same has been done for the Nurses' Ward by a good Sewickley friend and the Girls' Patriotic League of Dravosburg have transformed the alcove in Ward 2 A into a cozy corner for the men. The Thurston-Gleim Alumnae have furnished a porch for the enjoyment of the unfortunates in the Isolation Ward. The ladies of the Squirrel Hill Red Cross Auxiliary have been most generous with easy chairs for Wards 6 D, 6 B, and 5 B, ferns and a pool table. Another Sewickley friend has given a pool table to the Red Cross Hut, where no dust is allowed to collect. Guaranteed! More surprises and improvements each week!

Government Establishes University

(Continued from page 1)

"The university at Beaume is striking in two respects; in the first place the cheering and stirring about it to me is the readiness which the American soldier lays down his arms and takes up his books, and in the second place it shows what I think in the future will be the normal occupation of a permanent army living in idleness we will have them doing military things half the time and educational things the rest of the time, so that they will come out with an education and the army will become the West Point of the enlisted men. That is really a great idea.

At the university of Beaume they have in addition to the courses which I have given to you—and I think you will be interested to have these additions to the list—a school of art and a school of music. Some of the work done by the students in architecture, drawing and in painting is quite striking. I went into a class, for instance, where I should say a dozen men were painting from life. There was a French Poilu as a model and these fellows were painting him. In another place we went into a room where a big, brawny fellow stripped was being drawn by a large class.

In the college of architecture the men are doing some very talented things and a very large number of men are going about France making notes on mediaeval architecture and coming back to the university and drawing them into buildings which they suggest.

Men are sent to the university by volunteering. In addition to what I have been telling you, they have a university extension course, which is something like the old Chautauqua Literary Circle. This was established for the benefit of men who could not get to the university or did not want to do so. These men write in, for instance, that they got as far as algebra

in mathematics and would like to take up plane geometry. They send him a text-book, tell him how to study it, and he sends in the results—the work is carried on in this way. It is a complete educational system.

I think it is entirely likely from what we are seeing over there, that the development of a serious education program in the army itself is a possibility, and, of course, if possible is a desirable thing.

The situation of the army of occupation along the Rhine is the most entrancing situation that one can imagine. It is spring, the birds are out and the trees are in bloom. In those clean-swept sanitary German towns the boys are living in a higher degree of comfort than was ever possible during the war. The boys are apparently observing the non-intercourse with German men. You never see an American soldier talking to a German man and you rarely see an American soldier talking to a German woman. I don't mean that they are rude about it, but they observe the rule. But our soldiers have been just as unable to resist the German children as they were to resist the French children and you see American soldiers everywhere with little Hanses and Fritzes and Gretchens.

There are many ambitious young men in this country who would be glad to avail themselves of the educational advantages now offered by the Army, who for financial reasons, or others, are unable to fulfill their ambitions in any other way. To them the opportunity is now open.

First Patient—Here, help me with my bed, will you?
Second Patient—Aw, Bull Durham for yours.
First P.—How's that? I don't get you.
Second P.—Bull Durham! That is a polite way of saying, "Make your own."—"Tenshun, 21."

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AS YOU WERE

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Captain J. O. Brown,
Adjutant.

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HOW TO MAKE BOLSHEVIKS

Everywhere we go today we witness monstrous demonstrations in honor of our soldiers returning victorious from the battlefields of Europe. Everywhere we see banners flung out with the common design, "Welcome Home—Our Heroes." In every shop window, in every factory, in every home, we see displayed patriotic flags with patriotic inscriptions. "Welcome, Boys, The City is Yours," "Our Boys—Our Joys," and such other mottoes meet our eyes wherever we turn. And, in a way, it is just that the people should celebrate the homecoming of their sons. It is just that they should show great joy and idolize their returning loved ones for their priceless sacrifices. It is right that we should honor and revere those who gave up home and loved one and went forth to battle for civilization. All that is proper.

But all the joy-making, all the parades, all the bazaars and dances and parties are but outward signs of joy. Few of our people have as yet manifested a practical appreciation of the inestimable and invaluable service rendered by our fighting men. The boys come home. Great preparations are made for their reception. A band is hired; a parade is held; a show is staged; a bazaar, a dance, a party, and then—too often today—unemployment and starvation. We are witnessing today what keen disappointment the people of Pittsburgh are experiencing when the boys of the Fighting Tenth refused to march triumphantly into the city and make a show of themselves, but preferred rather to come into the city unheralded, quietly as civilians, back to home and mother. Keen disappointment, indeed! Imagine then the disappointment of the soldier who, on coming back, unemployment and starvation staring him in the face, finds his job taken, and the only position available, if at all available, being one at a low and inadequate wage. This is a sad picture, but few of our people care to see the sad side of affairs today.

"Welcome Home—Our Heroes" is the slogan everywhere, but what city has come out with the slogan, "A Job for Every Returning Soldier"? What city has adopted the motto, "A Decent Job for Every American Soldier at an American Wage"? We have seen countless expressions of joy and appreciation, we have taken part in numerous celebrations, but how many of these have been made practical by offering the boy a job?

Demobilizing of our great army has just begun. The next few months will see hundreds of thousands of youths, strong in brain and brawn, the nation's best, returning home. Many of these will find employment; many will not. Then will the country be confronted with a serious situation. When in every city there will be thousands of idle youths, the problem will, indeed, be critical. Nothing causes more want and discontent than idleness and unemployment, and discontented minds form the most fertile soil wherein to sow the seed of national dissension. They are the laboratories of professional trouble makers, the tools wherewith to stir up revolt and disobedience to law and order. Twenty-five years ago Coxey's army marched upon the national capital to make it demands. If today we are to have another such army marching upon Washington, it will be a more formidable array marching forth in a holy cause. There is one salvation lying open to the nation and that is to solve the problem of unemployment as efficiently at least as it solved two years ago the problem of unpreparedness. At that time our country was unprepared externally; today it is unprepared internally. A more serious

situation is confronting it. An immediate solution is necessary to make that great portion of our men—the returning soldiers—financially independent and socially content. There is but one effective method of accomplishing this purpose—GIVE EVERY MAN A JOB.

WHAT SOME OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY

"Best little paper we ever read."

"We need it."

From "The Pop-Valve," 18th Grand Division, A. E. F.:
Ed. "Asyouwere":
Stole an item from your "damfine" paper. Thanks!

The editor of "The Pop-Valve" is Master Engineer John J. Rule of McKeesport, Pa.

PIONEERS OF BUSINESS DEMOCRACY

The course of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce Special through Eastern Ohio has been one long triumphant run.

Everywhere the Business Boosters of the Workshop of the World have been welcomed. This is as it should be.

The enterprise of the greatest commercial body in the land cannot but redound to the advantage of the Tri-State business men whose best interests Pittsburghers have at heart.

ASYOUWERE is the soldiers' paper. Published by enlisted men, for enlisted men. Our policy is to encourage every one on duty at Parkview to contribute stories, anecdotes, and professional articles to the columns of the paper.

We invite your suggestions for the improvement of Asyouwere. Constructive criticism is always welcome. If we don't agree with you, we'll tell you why.

Let the Parkview family join in producing a bigger and better ASYOUWERE.

ASYOUWERE will shortly "come out" in a new dress. A change in management and policy has been made recently by the commanding officer and the new Asyouwere will be different in every way. We hope you will like it.

The Hun President, Ebert, says the Peace Treaty is a Song of Hate. Well, Fritz, your gang wrote the words and music.

Quit whining, Jerry. We soldiers admire an enemy who is brave even in defeat.

The Boche got a week's extension. Squirring—but sentence will be pronounced. It's inevitable.

THE OLD TIMER AND HIS BUDDIES

"Where were you on Sunday, Old Timer?" asked the Sergeant, as they walked up from the Mess Hall together with the former Corporal.

"I sure was in luck Sunday," replied the Old Timer. "I was on one of those excursion trips to the home of one of our Pittsburgh friends. You know the way they have of inviting us fellows out and giving us a swell dinner and a perfect to smoke and a ride around. I never had one of those parties before and it sure was great."

"Did they have any nice chickens?" inquired the corporal.

"Not the kind you mean, but we had some swell chicken for dinner. I wasn't used to the style at that table and I guess I made the usual number of false starts with the cutlery but the people never let on. They was just this good sport and his wife at the table and the lady left after the dinner for some other doings and the gent and I had a good chin together."

"I don't call that much of a Sunday," the corporal remarked.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't, but it was real fun for me. You see, I ain't as young as I was once and I begin to like to sit around and talk over things. Did you ever talk with a real guy like that about real things?"

The sergeant took up the conversation as they all sat down on a bench and waited for the Educational Department to begin work.

"I think I know what you mean, Old Timer. You mean sort of forget you're in the army and talk as if your opinion is just as good as any one's."

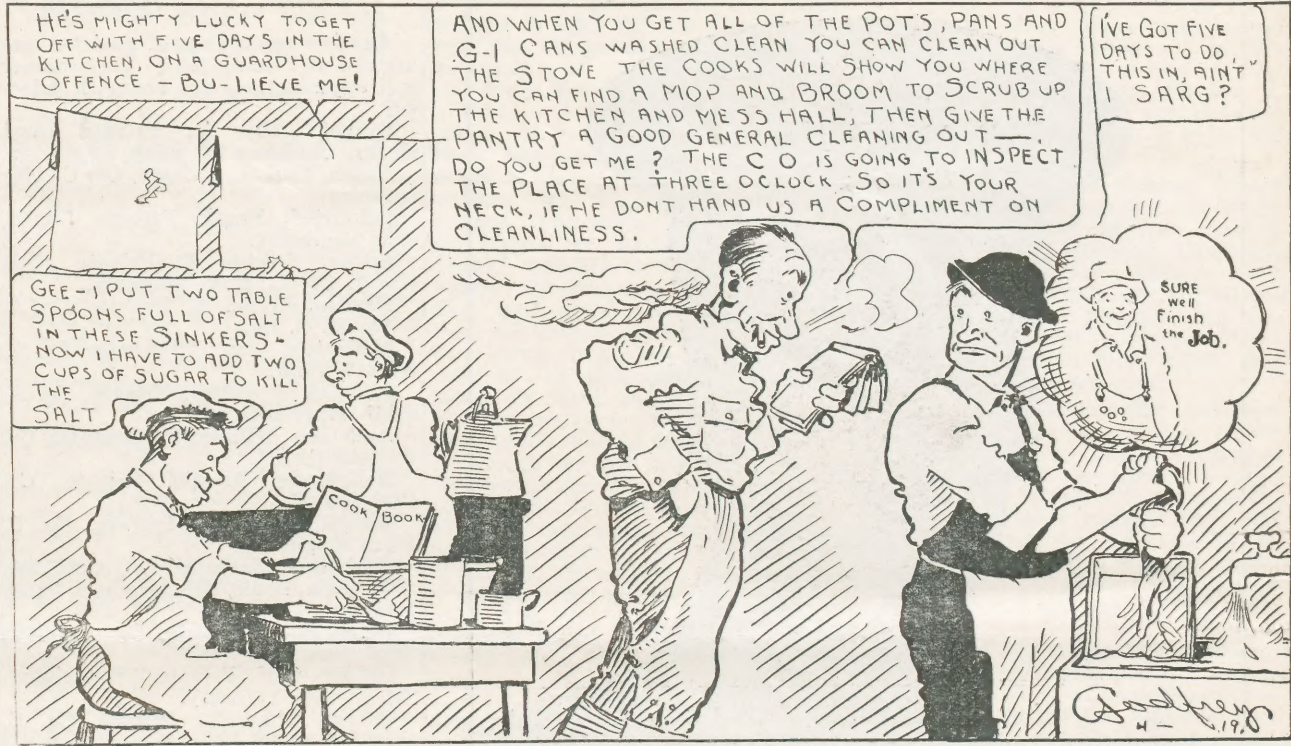
"Not exactly," the Old Timer said. "I mean to talk as if your opinion was as good and perhaps a little better because we are in the army. You know that real fellow who was giving me the entertainment really seemed to envy me a little. He was too young to get into the Civil War and too old for this one and missed the Spanish War and the Philippines and he wanted to get my ideas of some things."

"What did you give him," the corporal inquired, "the usual hot-air about cooties and shell-holes and whizbangs?"

"Not on your life. We talked about the way the fellows liked the army and its effect on them and the effect of the army on the country and so forth."

"Isn't that pretty much brain-trust stuff?" the sergeant laughed. The corporal also laughed. "You ought to had me there," he

INDOOR SPORTS IN THE ARMY No. 5. Doing His Bit



said. "I could hand out the dope about how I used to wear a number 9 shoe and now I wear a 12. I guess that's what you'd call the effect of the army on us, ain't it?"

"That's part of it, all right," the Old Timer went on. "What made most impression on him though, was what I told him about the things they taught us about clean living. I told him we was all pretty much agreed about the liquor question."

"The hell you did," said the corporal.

"Sure, you know you may be peeved a little about this prohibition business, but you don't want your children to be booze-fighters, do you now?"

"Did you tell him the fellows who've been in the A. E. F. think they had one put over on them in this prohibition business," asked the sergeant.

"Yes, but I told him not to believe all he read in the papers," answered the Old Timer.

"Those fellows ain't going to go back on the women folks when they learn that it was the women who really done it."

"I thought you liked the hard stuff," said the corporal, "and you told me once that you was considered something of a drunk in the old days. Wasn't you the fellow that got drunk on the Barbary Coast and tried to turn out for guard-mount with a policeman's hat on?"

"Maybe I was up against it for booze sometimes, but that don't change the case. When you come right down to it, we don't any of us want the booze except to keep up with the other fellows?"

"You can't booze and hold a job in the company I work for," said the sergeant.

"No," replied the Old Timer, "you ask the railroad men and the steamboat men and the steel men, and even the circus men, and they'll tell you that to go in a saloon is to get fired as soon as you're seen. It's old stuff. The world can't stand still just because some of the crowd wants to read last year's newspapers?"

The corporal shook his head. "It beats me that the papers is full of how our personal liberty has been taken away and you say we're all for it."

"There's a law against wife-beating, ain't there?" asked the Old Timer.

"I don't get you," said the corporal. "Well, do you want that law repealed just because it doesn't give you the personal liberty you want?"

"I guess the wife would be the one to do the beating," said the corporal. "It's a matter of good sense, I think," said the Sergeant. "If you got some brains you realize booze gets you into trouble."

"Yes, and if we didn't have the stuff we wouldn't have to worry about it. Prohibition is simply a brain-saving device."

"Well, it's this way with me," the corporal said, as the conversation closed, "I never did like the day after, anyway."

News Items—

In big bold type—"Legislature Passes Women's Suffrage Bill."

In small type—"Germans Refuse to Sign Treaty."

Of course, the first is more important. A treaty of peace with a foreign nation? That's nothing! But, a treaty of peace with the better-half of our own nation —!

Willis: "Did your son have a good war record?"

Gillis: "He was a rank failure. He didn't bring back a German prisoner or a French wife."

To all appearances a parade, taking five minutes to pass a given point, was held in the Hospital on Tuesday. Upon investigation it was found that Hospital Sergeant Miller was leading his gang around the Hospital, paying off the patients.

Hypodermics

Sergeant Cole, as he called the roll of his K. P.'s—"I have a job for the laziest man in this outfit." All but one of the K. P.'s stepped forward. Upon inquiry it was found that the reason he didn't step up was because he was too lazy. Needless to say this man got the job. We expected that Cole would have to shout: "K. P.'s, halt!"

It is said that Sergeant Born gets up early in the morning so that he will have more time to loaf.

Our latest recruit—Sergeant Kaufman.

Sergeant Hayes is making a nightly inspection to see if the members of the Detachment have their pajamas buttoned in a true military fashion.

It is reported that Sergeant Parvin worked all day on May 13. Stranger things have happened!

It was a dark, damp, dreary, dismal evening. Sergeant Conover vowed he would remain at the hospital for a change. Why, he wouldn't put his foot out the door for a million dollars! Then the phone rang and in response to a delightful and charming voice he went out and braved the elements. What vows won't a man break for a woman?

The old battle cry: "When do we eat?" The new battle cry: "When do we go home?"

Can you imagine a man drawing \$8.50 a month from U. S., supplying himself with white shirts and collars in order to go to a dance given for the benefit of enlisted men?

Can you imagine a man working hard and wearing an ill-fitting coat with an uncomfortable collar?

There is one thing that the subscribers of the Asyouwere may be absolutely certain of, that is that Wilhelm Hohenzollern is not a subscriber to our favorite paper.

KIND O' FRENCHY

Two soldiers kissed one another when they met in the Union Station. Now there's a case of a man taking a woman's job.

OUTA LUCK

I wanta be soldier for great U. S. A. So I join de army, wan dollar a day. De senda me way to Camp da Mills, Where alla day long we gatta da drills.

From da time we gat op 'till dey blowa da tap, Dey showa da technic, but not how to scrap.

"To da lefta geev 'way! Meesta Captain ees shout, An' denna ees say to da squads, "right about!"

Da "Squadsa da left!" anda "squadsa da right!"

Ah, whatsa dat gotta do widda fight?

Da only wan way for to beata da Hun Ees to show us da way how to shoota da gun.

Byembye we gat ready to said "Over Dere."

We marcha to Hobok, we geeva "three chare!"

When all of a sudden da wheesles ees blown,

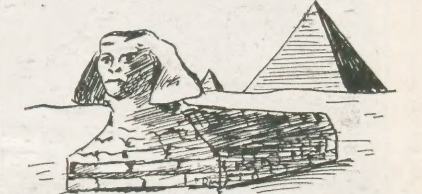
Da Kaiser ees finish, ees quita da throne.

We gotta "squadsa left!" We gotta "squadsa right!"

We gotta K. P., but no chanca to fight.

Datsa tough!

Reveille Column Wakes 'Em Up!



While you are in the army remember to play the part.

Who fired the volley over Cock Robin's last resting place?

Discharged and out in the bitter, cold and cruel world again.

Have you tried the latest record, "A-peekin' Through the Knot Hole in Daddy's Wooden Leg"?

A record on the phonograph is always worth at least a half dozen in the neighbor's cabinet.

Is it not strange how long some people can talk over the telephone and still never say anything?

While watching that interesting play, "Ten Bites in a Tar Flume," the writer was reminded that some one ought to give us a copy, for we have "Robert's Rules of Order" and "The Bar-tender's Manual" on file already.

All around the raspberry bush The soldier chased the chickens. And if he caught one in the rush, The mess could go to the dickens.

Sing a song of sixpence, A pocket full of fist. He tried to salute an officer, Hand stuck and he missed.

Trying to write squibs and a rummage sale are a good deal alike, for most anything is likely to happen up in either.

Some people in Pittsburgh and vicinity seemed to catch the hospital spirit in respect to moving. There was a difference, for at the hospital they all moved when told to and— Well, we will not say any more, for we suppose that is all in the annual spirng moving game.

We hope the country is really going dry for a short while in respect that the clouds become reconciled to the coming event on July 1, and quit their continual weeping and let us have a little sunshine to cheer us up.

We have absolutely nothing to say or brag about. We had an argument with a street car conductor the other day and he kicked us off the car. Did we report the matter? I should say not, we believe in keeping such minor details for ourselves, and in the future we will not argue with better men physically than we are.

Willie never got across the ocean, For one day he took a notion, To see how things were made. He got along in a manner divine, Until he happened to find The detonator on a live grenade.

We have heard of editorial staffs keeping a large supply of joke books on hands. Well, we have some around here and among the volumes that festoon our reference library is a Robert's Rules of Order and the Bar-tender's Manual. We don't use either and really cannot account for their presence here, for we are always in order for comments or calling downs without having it done in a bar room fashion. Won't some kind person donate, "Ten Fights in a Tar Flume"?

"THE PORT OF MISSING MEN"

Found!

This word has brought much cheer to many a home. Again we are pleased to note that through the Port of Missing Men another family has been made happy because of the return of a supposedly lost son. At the request of Representative Addison T. Smith, of Idaho, the Port of Missing Men published an inquiry as to the whereabouts of Rudolph J. Henneberg, Battery E, 125th Field Artillery, of Preston, Idaho. His family had not heard from him since September, 1918. The Port of Missing Men is just in receipt of a letter from Representative Smith, stating that Henneberg has arrived in the United States and is now at his home. Mr. Smith thanks the Port of Missing Men for its cooperation in matters of this kind.

Letters making inquiry about other missing men continue to come in, which demonstrates the confidence placed in this medium. We hope the column may continue to bring joy to homes by reason of locating these missing men.

MISSING IN ACTION JULY 22, 1918 STILL MISSING MARCH 28, 1919

**Private George W. Snook, Jr., Co. H,
26th U. S. Infantry, 1st Division,
A. E. F.**

Enlisted at Wahpeton, North Dakota, in Co. I, 164th 1st North Dakota Infantry on April 25, 1917, age then 18 years. Landed at Liverpool, England, December 25, 1917. Came up missing about 10 miles south of Soissons, on July 22, 1918. Unofficial report wounded, died on field. Later report, was all right on October 3, when he went into Verdun drive. Nothing later. No other official word since July 22, 1918. Last letter from him was written June 16, 1918.

DESCRIPTION: Light hair, complexion light, blue eyes, height about 5 feet, 10 inches; weight when left home 175. Broad, stout built, a small

scar on back of left hand, also a scar about the size of a five cent piece on one leg about five inches above the heel.

Anyone who can give ANY information as to his whereabouts please write to his parents immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Snook, Pretty Rock, North Dakota, U. S. A.

Rathje, Pvt. Bruno, Co. F, 102 Eng. Last heard from Nov. 26, 1918, in hospital one mile and a half from Trouville. Man's parents live in Copenhagen, Denmark. Inquiry made by Mrs. H. F. Grimes, 31 Hodge Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

DeWolf, Henry F., Sergt. 110th Signal Field Battalion, 30th Div. Inquiry by mother, Mrs. George DeWolf, Garnett, Kansas. Last heard from March 10 in Base Hospital No. 214.

Green, Arthur Winslow, Pvt. Co. L, 104th Infantry, serial No. 73599. Severely wounded July 19, 1918, near Belleau Wood. Inquiry by sister, Miss Lottie Green, 60 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.

Hartman, Dawson D., Co. D, 28th Inf. Missing in action May 28. Inquiry from Miss Lila E. Dawson, 2528 Des Moines St., Fort Madison, Iowa.

Stephens, William O., Co. G, 7th Inf. Last known to be in a hospital in France in October. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. L. H. Stephens, 54 N St., northwest, Washington, D. C.

Miller, Herbert L., Co. K, 307th Inf. Missing in action since September 6. Inquiry from W. H. Spinner, Room 1, Carr Building, Galesburg, Ill.

Krug, Floyd P., Co. H, 151st Inf. Last known to be at Base Hospital 51 in France. Inquiry from Miss Katherine Irwin, 294 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hovey, Harry F., Co. A, 7th Inf. Missing in action since October 15. Identification tags picked up near Fromerville, France, November 14. Inquiry from father, F. D. Hovey, Collector of Customs, Port Huron, Mich.

Barnett, Carl, Co. A, 5th Engineer Training Regiment at Camp Humphreys, Va. Inquiry from father, E. H. Barnett, Nest Danville, Va.

Davis, Omer Arthur, Pvt. Co. E, 116th Ammunition Train. Last heard from June 28. Inquiry from T. B. Davis, Cassville, Mo., R. F. D. No. 2.

Hildenbrand, Andrew, Pvt. Co. A, 4th Regt. Reported missing in action. Inquiry from Mrs. Elizabeth Hildenbrand, Evanston, Indiana, Route 1, Box 12.

Downs, Cecil Roy, Co. A, 15th Machine Gun Battalion, 5th Div. Reported missing since October 17. Last letter dated October 10. Inquiry from L. S. Downs, 1160 E. 112th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Bales, Joseph O, 60th Co., Group 5, from Camp Hancock. Landed in England, after leaving here November 10. No word since. Inquiry from Mrs. J. W. Thompson, New Era, Penna.

Smith, Albert, Corp., Co. A, 16th Inf. Reported missing in action July 10. No word since. Inquiry from Mrs. Ellen Smith, Milnor, North Dakota.

Starks, Otis, Co. E, in the 89th Div. Last heard from he was in hospital. Inquiry from Franklin Stark, King City, Mo., R. F. D. No. 2.

Krauss, Frederick, Co. H, 11th Inf. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Fannie Krauss, Wyatt, Mo.

Boling, Worthy G., Pvt. Co. C, 139th Inf., 35th Div. Reported wounded on

September 30. Reported in Base Hospital No. 15, but no word received from him. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Vina Boling, 416 W. Hickory St., Korksville, Mo.

Gleason, Thomas R., Pvt. Battery B, 1st Battalion, 60th Artillery, C. A. C. No word since October 27. Inquiry from father, John W. Gleason, 654 Huron St., Ironwood, Mich.

Douglass, John G., Pvt. Co. G, 109th Inf. Reported missing in action September 5. Inquiry from H. H. Walker, care of Walker-Crim Co., Kittanning, Pa.

Hutchison, Neil F., Pvt., 1350708, Sixth Co., 1st Inf., Training Regt., A. P. O. 727, A. E. F., France. Last heard of July 13, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Margaret Hutchison, 15 East Gaines St., Tallahassee, Fla.

Gann, James R., Pvt., 313th Engineers, Co. C, A. P. O. 795, Div. 88. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from John Gann, Route 1, Mansfield, Mo.

Garrett, James H., Pvt., 3610992, 2nd Engineers. Last heard of in October, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Lizzie Garrett, Plato, Mo.

Cowdrey, Robert H., Jr., Pvt., 3rd Battalion, Intelligence Div., 6th Regt., U. S. Marines. Reported missing in action July 13, 1918. Inquiry from C. H. Talmage, 41-43 West Broadway, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Pittinger, John A., Pvt., Battalion D, 61st Artillery, C. A. C., A. E. F., last heard of in October, 1918. Inquiry talked with soldier in a hospital in France the day before Thanksgiving. Inquiry by mother, Mrs. Ellen T. Manning, 66 Maple St., Hudson, Mass.

Moses, James E., Pvt., Co. F, 141st Inf., 36th Div., last heard from Nov.

10, 1918. Inquiry from P. W. Moses, Wetumka, Okla.

Dickson, Grover Cleveland, Corp., Headquarters Co., 115th Inf., A. E. F., reported missing in action in October, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. J. E. Dickson, Olmsted, Okla.

Lym, Ray, Pvt., Co. B, 38th Inf., reported missing in action Aug. 8, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Sophia Lym, R. F. D. No. 2, Van Buren, Ark.

Fitfield, Henry A., Pvt., Co. B, 309th Inf., 78th Div., reported missing in action Oct. 4. Inquiry from Mrs. Henry H. Fifield, West Thornton, N. H.

Johnson, Anton P., Pvt., Co. B, 145th Machine Gun Battalion, 40th Div., last heard of in September, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Sophie Johnson, 2901 Aldrich Ave., north, Minneapolis, Minn.

Jayer, L., Sergt., Co. M, 74th Inf. Inquiry from Mrs. A. L. Still, Hill-gore, Tex. from Mrs. Mary L. Pittinger, Mechanic St., Milburn, N. J.

Kennard, George Franklin, Pvt., Co. G, 110th Inf., Division 28, last heard of in September, 1918. Inquiry of F. J. Kennard, Box 103, Arcadia, Okla.

Jones, Larmon, Pvt., Camp Pike, July Auto. Rep. Draft 606, last heard of in August, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Ruby Jones, Evening Shade, Ark.

Novick, Samuel, Pvt., Co. D, 315th Inf., A. E. F., reported killed in action Oct. 15, 1918. American Red Cross reported him as "being sick in hospital" three weeks after government telegram, also letters returned marked "sick in hospital," last one dated Dec. 29, 1918. Inquiry by mother, Rebecca Novick, 648 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARMY INSURANCE GIVES TO SOLDIERS MANY ADVANTAGES

Interesting Facts Given by William J. Graham, Vice President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Delivered Before the Conference Insurance Officers, United States Army, at Governor's Island, April 26, 1919.

On December 1, 1917, there was \$22,000,000,000 of old line insurance, \$5,000,000,000 industrial insurance, \$9,000,000,000 fraternal and \$1,000,000,000 assessment insurance; and aggregate of \$37,000,000,000, the result of over 60 years of life underwriting.

Bureau of War Risk Insurance wrote more than this in two years. The few mistakes which have been made are not to be compared with the wonderful results attained. Many of the early imperfections are in process of correction. THIRTY TO FORTY BILLIONS OF INSURANCE PROTECTING MILLIONS OF MEN, WITH THOUSANDS OF CLAIMS ALREADY PAID OR IN PROCESS OF PAYMENT IS THE BIG FACT. And at this fact all life insurance admires and applauds.

The major issue is, therefore, to make these people, men and women, as far as women have a right to insure, retain their insurance. All other details will follow.

You have to organize methods and propaganda that not only will keep this insurance in force, but will convert it into more permanent forms of insurance as rapidly as conditions will permit, with due regard to the time necessary for society and these demobilized soldiers to re-establish normal civil incomes for all.

These erstwhile soldiers and sailors must look ahead. Life insurance involves looking ahead, and people must be taught the importance of looking ahead. Protect the future. In the matter of leaving an estate they are going back financially by every dollar of this insurance they surrender.

A man's life is worth money. I think that \$10,000 does not overestimate the worth of the life of any skilled worker of military age. If a man's life is not worth \$10,000 to himself and those around him something is radically wrong with society. There is nothing

fundamentally wrong with society. It is coming to have a more and more healthy view of the individual. Now let the individual share that view by keeping his life adequately insured.

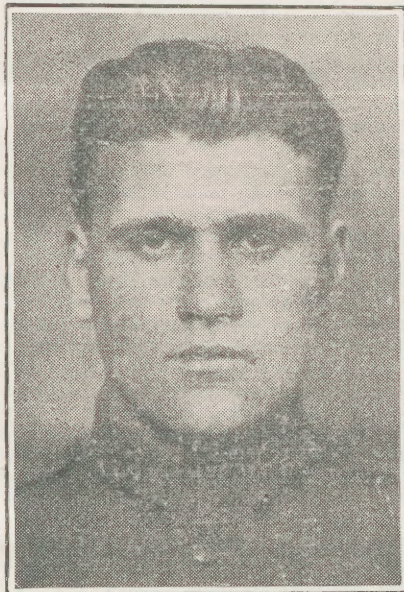
Our soldiers and sailors have before them the privilege of holding to their term insurance until they can convert it. They have the privilege of carrying it over the next five years, the years of readjustment, during which they must find themselves. Order of procedure seems to be first to keep up some part of their temporary term insurance; secondly, should keep up as much as they can possibly pay for now, and thirdly, to convert it, in general, to the highest premium form they can afford. After quantity has been obtained to convert as they may be able to, better quality government insurance. They should be completely see the idea that voluntarily they should want to keep up the insurance because of its intrinsic merit.

"The other day a large employer, possibly the largest single employer of labor in the United States, sent a representative to see us with this query: 'Our men are coming back from the military and naval service. We are helping them in the matter of thrift in every way possible. This Government Life Insurance question is constantly coming up and a great many of our boys are inclined to discontinue it. In your opinion, is this government insurance the best of them? If it is we are going to get behind it. But we must have good and sound reasons. Are we justified in urging our men to continue their Government Insurance Policies?' Our answer was, 'Yes, you are. It is non-competitive insurance. There is nothing which life insurance companies have to offer in competition with it. The opportunity before men in and out of the service is to keep it now or lose it all. It is backed by the United States Government! It is a badge of honor. It is a certificate of service for all these men which will protect them and their dependents, and is a reward, if you please, for service well done.'"

I told him also that the overhead cost, as we all know, is borne by the Government, out of the public treasury, and that refunds or dividends are provided for if anything is left over after the Government had paid its claims.

Our caller then said, "Well, I am

satisfied. We are going to keep our army and navy people solid on the proposition."



SERG. STEPHEN J. ROTKO
Co. F, 104th Inf., 26th Div.

Sergt. Stephen Rotko is a Scranton, Pa., boy. He entered service in May, 1917, and went into training at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., where he remained until September. He went into action with the 104th at Apermont Forest, was later at Soisson, at the Somme, and in the Toule sector. But the real smash-up came in the hot fighting at Chateau-Thierry.

It was at the battle of Chateau-Thierry that Sergt. Rotko took part in the escapade which resulted in his receiving the croix de guerre. A nest of German machine gunners had been paying peculiarly unpleasant attention to his company and the lieutenant in command asked for two volunteers to go over and locate the trouble makers. As Sergt. Rotko puts it he was a scout and "supposed" to volunteer for anything of that sort. At any rate he went and was followed by a private who was his particular pal. As they wormed their way across no man's land the machine gun bullets

were flying, but the two men kept flat on the ground and were not touched.

They located the nest and with their hand grenades ready waited one on either side of the emplacement all through the night until daybreak, which according to the best social usage was the proper time for calls. Just as the sky was growing light Sergt. Rotko heard his companion talking to someone. He knew something had gone wrong and made a detour in front of the nest. His pal had slipped down into an old trench to get around behind the nest. But two German sentries from a lookout post had spied him. They were so interested with their prisoner that Rotko was able to sneak up on them and a few minutes later he left the Germans as prisoners in the hands of his friend. Again he wormed his way around to the object of his affections and when he finally slipped into the nest, the Germans who had forgotten to roll out for reveille were all asleep. When they awoke they had their choice of a hand grenade, breakfast or an early morning hike over to the U. S. lines. They chose the latter and with their three machine guns on their shoulders the thirteen of them joined the other two, who had decided to make an inspection tour to the Yankee's trenches.

Sergt. Rotko speaks seven different languages and has at different times worked his way into the German trenches in civilian clothes for purposes of spying.

Of Parkview he says: "There is a spirit of willingness to do everything possible for the benefit of the men here that I have seen in no other hospital."

GREETINGS TO KAISER BILL

The war is won,
We've licked the Hun,
The Boche shall long remember
That come what may
The cost he'll pay
For unconditional surrender.
Old Kaiser Bill
Has had his fill
Of Allied shot and shell;
So join with me
And wish that he
Soon rest in peace in Hell.
—J. H. L., Here and There.

Which wins, thrift or spendthrift? Buy W. S. S.

MEDICAL OFFICERS RECEIVE D. S. C.

Word has been received from London that three Captains of the American Army Medical Corps have been decorated by King George with the British Military Cross. The officers are Capt. Roy G. Giles, of Belton, Tex., Captain Samuel J. Murphy of New Orleans, La., and Capt. Fred O. Stone, of Maynardville, Tenn.

General Pershing has conferred the Distinguished Service Cross upon 1st Lieut. Robert E. Motley of Verdun, Ill., who served with the 125th Infantry as a dental officer in France. The decoration was bestowed for extraordinary heroism in action near Chateau Thierry July 31 to August 7 and near Verdun October 14 to 16, 1918. The citation reads: "Realizing the need of medical attention at the front, Lieutenant Motley went beyond the scope of his duties as dentist by advancing with the infantry and establishing and maintaining a dressing station with the leading elements of his command. For seven days, from July 31 to August 7, he safely evacuated many patients by his prompt and fearless action. He again volunteered and went forward in the attack of October 14-16, and on the latter date, carried a message back to the supply officer, requesting food for the men. Although wounded and badly gassed, he accomplished his mission, refusing evacuation until the food was started for the lines."

The Distinguished Service Cross has also been conferred upon Private 1st Class Claud P. Hale, Medical Detachment 354th Infantry, whose home is Martinsburg, Mo. Braving deadly machine gun and artillery fire near Remonville, France, November 1 last, Private Hale worked unceasingly without regard to personal safety in administering to wounded men and assisting them to places of safety. He constantly went forward into the open under machine gun fire to aid fallen comrades and his work was the means of saving many lives.

Harry Hawker—Even though he failed to reach his goal, this intrepid argonaut of the air has won imperishable glory and his name will be written in letters of gold in the records of the men whose deeds made possible the trans-Atlantic air voyage.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

Did you receive a copy of the Mothers' Day Card? It was the first effort of our Printing Department. Credit is given to the instructors in printing, Privates Gleason and Kennedy, for the "right smart" job. The department is open every day, and any man desirous of learning something about the printing game, has no one to blame but himself if he don't. It is here for you. The equipment, very modern, is a gift through the Red Cross. Run in and take a look at it.

The Jewelry Department was shocked to hear of Stanley Shedorek's death by drowning. Stanley had been a very conscientious student and had done some very pretty work. A ring he had made and engraved with his initials was turned over to the Registrar to be included in his effects.

FOUND, a gold ring. The owner can secure same by applying at the office of the Educational Department.

During the week, six little suckers made their appearance in the Agricultural Department. Mother Pig and the children are doing very nicely, thank you.

Thirty casualties were added to the list this week. That number of chicks of the Agricultural Department were classified as (DD) Died by Drowning. OneOne of those rainstorms we have become so accustomed to having nightly for the past week got them. Condolence is extended to Instructors Ferguson and Hixson in their bereavement.

The Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania made an offer to purchase a thousand carnations for distribution in the hospital on Mothers' Day, but try as we might, we could not find a thousand carnations in the whole City of Pittsburgh.

Seems as though the shortage of coal during the past winter prevented the laying in of plants in the greenhouses. We thank the Emergency Aid, however, for their generous offer.

Bauman, Ward 8B, finished a peach of a rag carpet on Saturday last. It is on display in the Exhibition Room. Stop in and see it.

A number of fellows in the hospital think the purpose of their department is to keep them here a longer time, to prevent their discharge. They seem to think there is a conspiracy somewhere that aims at keeping away from them that wished for and exalted certificate, which means reduced railroad fare one day, and that one way, home. The honest fact about the matter is, we do not aim at keeping you here, but at getting you out, out in the best mental and physical condition, and in the quickest time. Work that is intelligently supervised and directed has unlimited beneficial results in curing a man. This has been proven by actual trial. However, to convince the Doubting Thomases, the following have been some of the men who have attained our classes, and who, we are indeed happy to say, received their red chevrons and departed with our best wishes: Barner, 2A; Cruchman, 2A; Davidson, 5A; Ches Davis, 2A; Steve Derby, 2A; Hetrick, 8B; Kohel, 8B; Levery, 2A; Lopp, 9B; Molter, 5A; Moneto, 5A; O'Neill, 8B; and Johnny Owens.

Perhaps it might be of interest to you to know that during the month of April we had enrolled in our various departments, 277 men. These men were taking courses in: Auto-Mechanics, Telegraphy, Drafting, Woodworking, Jewelry-Making, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Calculating Machine Operation, Stenotype, Poultry Raising, Animal Husbandry, Crop Study, Farm Management, Reading, Spelling, Penmanship, French, Logic, Weaving, Knitting, Kottin~ Basketry, Carving, Novelty Box Work, Beadwork, Painting, Toy-Making, Bookbinding, etc. Were you one of them?

THE TRAINED MAN—THE FIRST TO BE HIRED—THE LAST TO BE FIRED.

Are YOU in the trained class?

"ICH BIN DEIN"

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deux;
He no pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.
Dit-il lui-meme, un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate y yo have war.
Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls;
Et both sunt very agathae
Et quite formosa girls."
Enfin the joven anthropos,
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere ad Kate
Devant cet evening's shades.
Procedens then to Kates domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair,
But smiling on the new tapes
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell suo love a Kate
Dans un poetique strain,
Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.
Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
Con cheeks as rouge as wine,
Et offering, each, a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."
Virginia L. Gibson.

SPORTS

BASEBALL

Parkview Nine Opener at Home

The threats of rain and bad weather were not sufficient to keep the khaki-clad rooters of U. S. A. G. H. 24 from watching their "pill chasers" take the measure of the strong Carnegie Steel Company team to the tune of a 7 to 6 victory.

At 3:30 Colonel Kremers opened the home season as he snapped a new ball to Rondall. The game was thoroughly exciting at all stages. In the ninth Rondall weakened and the C. S. Company tied the score, but a clean single from Bill Holcomb's war club brought Moser over the plate with the winning run, after two were out in the last of the ninth. Parkview annexed 13 hits for seven runs, while C. S. Company gathered theirs in the ninth on five bases on balls, one man hit by pitcher and a single by Doefler.

The lineup:

U. S. A. G. H. 24—

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Young, m.	5	2	1	1	1	0
Trainer, s.	4	1	2	1	3	1
Belmont, 3	5	1	0	4	1	0
Lee, 1	5	0	2	8	0	0
Booth, r.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Moser, 2	5	1	2	1	2	0
Boggs, l.	4	0	2	3	0	0
Blaine, c.	5	1	0	9	0	0
Randall, p.	4	1	1	0	3	1
Holcomb, p.	1	0	1	0	0	0
	22	7	13	27	10	2

C. S. Co.

	AB.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Wobb, l.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Wallace, 2	2	1	0	6	1	0
Schrandt, s.	4	1	2	2	0	1
Gross, 3	3	1	1	5	2	5
Hines, 1	5	0	1	7	1	1
Schwillie, r.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bentley, m.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Doefler, c.	4	0	1	3	2	0
Kraus, p.	4	2	1	0	4	0
	33	6	6	25	10	7

The score—Parkview 7, Carnegie Steel Co. 6.

Umpires — Claypool and Lieut. Score by innings:

I.

Nobb fouled to Belmont. Wallace out, Trainor to Lee. Schmidt doubled to left. Gross singled to center, but Schmidt was thrown out trying to make home on the play. Two hits, no runs.

Young reached first when Hines dropped the ball. Trainor sacrificed Young to second. Belmont made first when Gross booted his grounder. Lee doubled to center, but Young was out. Hines to Gross. Kraus hit Bostle, filling the bases. Moser out, Krause to Hines. One hit, no runs.

II.

Hines out, Belmont to Lee. Schwillie fied out to Boggs. Bentley out, Trainor to Lee. No hits, no runs.

Boggs hit by pitcher and steals second. Blaine fied out to Schrandt. Boggscaught napping at third, Doefler to Gross. Randall popped to Wallace.

III.

Doefler fouled to Blaine. Kraus singled to left and reached second when Randall fumbled Wobbs' bunt. Wallace strikes out. Schrandt singled scoring Kraus. Gross fouled to Belmont.

Young safe on Gross's low throw to Hines. Trainor doubled, scoring Young, Belmont out when he tried to drop his bat on his bunt down the first base line. Lee singled, scoring Trainor. Booth struck out. Moser popped to Schrandt.

IV.

Hines out, Moser to Lee. Schwillie and Bentley struck out.

Boggs singled to center. Blaine forced Boggs at second. Randall singled. Young doubled, scoring Blaine and Randall. Trainor out, short to second. Belmont caught napping off first as Young scored on the play.

V.

Doefler struck out. Kraus skied to Boggs. Wobbs safe when Lee dropped Trainor's peg. Wobb stole second as Wallace walked. Schrandt struck out. Lee struck out. Booth aeroplaned to Bentley. Moser singled, taking third on Boggs' double. Blaine popped to Schrandt.

VI.

Gross out, Randall to Lee. Hines singled to right. Schwillie sacrificed Hines to second. Bentley fied to Boggs.

Randall out, Kraus to Hines. Young popped to Wallace. Trainor fouled out to Hines.

VII.

Doefler hit by Randall. Kraus hit into a double play, Moser to Trainor to Lee. Trainor made a poor throw on Wobb's bounder. Wallace walked. Schrandt out, Randall to Lee.

Schrandt fumbled Belmont's roller. Schrandt threw Lee out. Booth singled scoring Belmont. Blaine hit into a double play, Gross unassisted.

VIII.

Randall hit Gross, who stole second. Hines fied to Young. Schwillie struck out. Bentley walked. Doefler out to Belmont.

Doefler threw Randall out to Hines. Young fouled to Doefler. Trainor

single. Belmont reached first on Gross's error. Lee struck out.

IX.

Randall walked Kraus, Wobb and Wallace. Schrandt hit by Randall, Kraus scoring. Holcomb pitching for Randall. Gross walked, scoring Wobb. Hines struck out. Schwillie popped to Trainor. Doefler singled, Wallace and Schrandt scoring. Gross scored on Belmont's high throw to Blaine. Kraus fouled to Belmont.

Booth singled. Moser forced Booth at second. Moser stole second. Boggs fied to Wallace. Holcomb singled, scoring Moser with the winning run. Cross.

Scorers—Lieutenants Williams and Sears.

Lieutenants Williams and Sears also wrote up the game.

Parkview Loses Second Game

On Sunday afternoon No. 24 lost to Hoboken by the score of 11 to 7. Bill Holcomb attempted to baffle the Hoboken boys and was lost in a heavy barrage. His backing was far from good. The lads of No. 24 simply threw the game away in the first two innings. Captain Fogarty replaced Holcomb and pitched winning ball until the ninth, when he weakened and Hoboken got to him for four runs. When the struggle ended No. 24 was on the short end of 11-7.

Have you noted our new field director working on the athletic ground? All booted and spurred and right out in the open, where everybody can see him. If all the officers took that much interest there would be as much argument as there is in an officer's volley ball game.

MEDICAL MEN RECEIVE WAR DECORATIONS

Awards of the distinguished service cross to officers and men for extraordinary heroism in action overseas, just announced in War Department orders, include a number of officers and men of the medical corps.

First Lieutenant Thomas Edward Jones went into an open area near Binerville, France, September 27, which was subjected to direct machine gun fire, to care for a wounded soldier who was being carried by another officer. While dressing the wounded runner, a machine-gun bullet passed between the arms and chest of Lieutenant Jones, and a man was killed within a few yards of him.

During the offensive operations of October 3 to 9 near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, France, First Lieutenant Ralph E. Swarts worked unceasingly in the most advanced stations in the divisional sector, dressing the wounded in the open under terrific machine-gun and shell fire. He took cover only when all wounded had been dressed and evacuated.

Although suffering acutely from the effects of mustard gas, Private (first class) Russel L. DuBois refused to be evacuated because of the great need of medical attention among his comrades. For three days he remained at his post near Villevoye, France, in August, 1918, and only went to the rear when ordered to do so by his C. O.

Near Binerville, France, October 2 to 5, 1918, Private (1st class) Jack D. Gehris, under a heavy enemy barrage went to the rescue of two severely wounded men and carried them to a place offering scant shelter, where they remained until aid arrived the next morning. On October 5 when a shell struck his first-aid station, killing two and wounding five others, Gehris, although wounded, administered first aid to his comrades before receiving medical attention himself.

Private George J. Fries is cited for heroism in action near Cunel, France, October 11, 1918. For two days and nights he worked incessantly as the only first-aid man with two companies in the front line. On several occasions he went out in front of the lines under heavy enemy fire to aid wounded men and to help bring them back to the American line, his pack and equipment being badly torn by pieces of shrapnel.

Sergeant Lewis E. Whitehead, then corporal, after giving first aid to his platoon leader who had been wounded, took command of the platoon and led it in an attack in the face of concentrated enemy artillery and machine-gun fire, reaching the objective and effectively protecting the exposed flank of the assaulting battalion with his two guns. This occurred near St. Juvin, France, October 16 last.

In the face of heavy shell and machine-gun fire and continuous gas attacks near Grand Pre, France, October 16 to 20, 1918, Corporal James J. Donovan established and maintained during these four days a dressing station in a most advanced position. When an enemy attack seemed imminent, he refused to retire to safety but remained at his post being relieved after his comrades advanced.

Private (first class) Patrick Canavan gave aid to the wounded under severe shell and machine-gun fire and was wounded twice before he left the field of action near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, France, October 3 to 9 last. He refused the aid of stretcher bearers and walked alone to the ambulance station.

COLLARS!

Yes!-- You want them.

A complete line of collars at the

POST EXCHANGE

Our Motto:---"Service for the boys"

ASYOU WERE is going to pay special attention to the doings in the East Liberty District. The soldiers at Parkview have watched with gratification the patriotic efforts of the business men of East Liberty during the recent welcoming demonstration for our comrades. We want to reciprocate and we can do so best by promoting the business welfare of our friends in that section of Pittsburgh. Shop in East Liberty.

WEEK OF MAY 26

Monday, Tuesday Wednesday

MADGE KENNEDY

IN

"Leave it to Susan"

CAMERAPHONE THEATRE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

VIRGINIA PEARSON

IN

"The Bishop's Emerald"

East Liberty

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

Corner Bryant, St. Clair and Mellon Streets.

CITY OFFICE

631 Penn Avenue.

EAST END OFFICE

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Sign in a French restaurant: "American officers are respectfully requested to address the waiters in English, as their French is not generally understood."—Tenshun, 21."

THEIR FRENCH

Men who enlisted in the Regular Army between November 1, 1912, and October 31, 1916, both dates inclusive, and who have completed four years' continuous active service under such enlistment, may be re-enlisted upon their own application under the provisions of the act of Congress approved February 28, 1919.

All enlistments under this authority will be for a term of three years. In the event of such re-enlistment, each man so re-enlisted will receive a final discharge from his prior enlistment. However, the necessary precautions will be taken to insure re-enlistment when discharge is given for that reason.

Men re-enlisted as herein provided, may be kept upon their present duties until they can be spared or replaced. The bonus of \$60.00 is payable to all men discharged under this authority. Three months' extra pay under the act of Congress approved May 11, 1908, is not payable upon re-enlistment, nor is travel pay allowed.

All previous instructions in conflict with the provisions of this circular are rescinded.

ALL SIGNS FAIL IN DRY WEATHER



ABSENT MINDED IS DISCHARGED

You see, I joined this No-Man's Army as soon as they declared an open season on the Heinies along the Rhine. They put me in a regular outfit that was so hard-boiled from living on sand and sagebrush on the Mexican border that they fed them sheet iron three times a day to keep them in condition. Well, I always was sort of absent-minded and they sure did raise Holy Mud Turtles with me on that account. So, I just got the habit. You know what I mean? The habit of jumping at the least suggestion, that is, if I heard a whistle I was gone, for that meant "OUTSIDE," if I heard "TENTION" I cracked the curvatures out of my spinal column and stood straight until somebody said, "REST."

I fought through the war with the strictest bunch of officers you ever heard tell about. They ruined my digestion 'cause they kept me on the jump so much and the blood rushing to my head all of the time to keep my brain a working, so that about three-fourths of the time there was not any left to perambulate the living qualities from the food that I ate. And I had to swallow the food whole so that I would get a lot and keep those other rough necks from eating themselves to death.

Well, I must get along with my story. I fought the Huns from Verdun to Flanders and when the job was over they sent me home and discharged me into "civic" life. And believe me, I hit the high marks for home with a decision that I would take a good, long rest and get my indigestion turned over into digestion—and maybe then I would marry Margy. She is my girl, or I guess she will be, if I am ever able to get things all fixed up. None of your kidding me about her, for I am awful sensitive on the subject, even if I have been in the army. Naw, I won't describe her, for she has big blue eyes, and pink cheeks with a few devilish freckles scattered around over her complexion, and she's got light, wavy, auburn—naw, I don't mean the color of Auburn, New York; I mean auburn colored hair; you know what I mean: hair like sunset—naw, the sun don't set like no hen; you know what I mean. I won't tell you no more about her, 'cause Margy is about five feet four inches tall, and the last time she sat on—the scales she weighed about 120—now, you quit, for I never did say she sat on my lap, and if you don't stop kidding me, I won't tell you why I am waiting here for a train to take me out in the country to Uncle Abner's.

My home is in a nice, quiet, little town. No, it's a city, for it has most everything that New York does—fire department, telephones, electric lights, policemen, mail delivery by women, since all of the male carriers got caught in the graft. Well, I got home and gave them a "spiel" of how I helped put down the Menace to Democracy and then I went to bed for a little snooze before chow. I mean lunch. You see, I was so anxious to get into a real honest-to-God bed that I did it up brown and went to bed just like a guy turning in from a night out with his sweetheart.

I was dozing along, dreaming of things for the good of the service, when all of a sudden I heard a whistle. I forgot all about being undressed and in my loose fitting green pajamas, and I just vells, "OUTSIDE!" and dives out of my room and right out the front door right into a lady mail carrier. Well, she screamed and turned about and fled down the walk like she had seen an apparition of Nebuchadnezzar and the gate was shut; but that did not interfere with her for she just took it along with her and the gate, mail pouch and herself all tangled themselves up with a perambulator, that was sitting outside of the gate on the walk and the whole group lodged in a rose bush and everybody began to rush outdoors and I turned around and charged the door—but the night latch had worked fine and all I did was knock out a \$28.17 colored glass. I turned in horror and seeing a window to the front room open, I dived right in head first

for the air outside was becoming over-charged.

I hit the floor in that front room like a trench mortar shell does a German strong point and knocked all the rest of the wind that I had left clear out of myself. I struck the stand on which a gold fish aquarium was sitting and knocked it over and that bowl hit me on the head and cracked it and I th—Naw, cracked the bowl, not my head—and I thought a 726 millimeter shell had dropped on me. I looked around and there was Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Jimson, Mrs. Waggoner and Mrs. Palver and her daughter a sitting there. Oh, yes, Mrs. Palver's daughter is Margy, my girl. They were over to hear from mother how me and General Pershing licked the Huns. They all started to climb on chairs like they saw a mouse and yell until it sounded worse than a bunch of Heinies yowling, "Kamerad." And I got up and started again.

Well, I just got started when the new bull dog got a firm grip on the backside of my pajamas and also a little bit farther than the cloth that composed the suit, just like a war pup trying to educate a German war prisoner not to escape, and believe me, I joined right in on the almighty chorus and backed, back, back, back, until I had that dog in an open fire place where a cheerful little blaze was a-going. Well, he let go and went his way like he had been sent for in a hurry and was anxious to get there a-yelping every jump. He went thru the kitchen and caused Sis to drop a skillet full of hot grease on Tabby, who also got in the little game of exhilarated excitement and went thru an open window taking about a dozen potted plants with her en route and a-yelling like she had just had an attack of acute indigestion from too much acquaintance with army goulash.

I barricaded myself in my room, cause I heard a banging at the front door and I learned afterwards that it was a cop, the fire whistle was shrieking its wildest and I started to yell an explanation. The women all got huffy and went home and Margy wouldn't listen to my pleadings and I couldn't go out and talk face to face with her because the raiment that I had on was not exactly appropriate for exhibition. Then ma got sore and I hustled into my clothes and crawled out the window and went for a walk to calm my seething spirits and try to collect my scattered wits.

Well, I came along to where they were digging a ditch for a gas main and there must have been a leak for I smelled something that reminded me of the Western Front and I got all excited. I smelled that stuff stronger and stronger and then I heard a horn—I afterwards heard that it was a fish monger announcing himself and wares—but I forgot and thought it was a klaxon and I jumped in that ditch a-grabbing for my gas mask that was not there and a-yelling "GAS!" I light right on top of a fellow who started to yell also. I regained my presence of mind about that time and began to climb out of that muddy place. The other guy stopped hollering and said, "You maka da big fool," and he clouted me over the cocoa with a shovel and then I was worse than gassed.

About that time a cop put in the riot call and I got a joy ride to the Gummy-Ghu in the bug wagon and I had an awful time explaining. So, you see why I am on my way to Uncle Abner's. And maybe Margy will get over her flighty spell and I can become reconciled to sitting down on the spot the bull dog's teeth took effect on without having a pin cushion sensation. That's why I am on my way, not so far as Mandalay, but if things don't improve it's either Greenland or Timbuctoo for me instead of Uncle Abner's farm. Well, so long, here comes my train now.

HIS DEFENSE

Officer—"How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you called him names."

Private Murphy—"Plaze, surr, I never called him any names at all. All I said was 'Sergeant,' says I, some of you ought to be in the menagerie!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Q.-M. Quimms

Lieutenant Parker of the stock record room has received his discharge and has returned to his home in Montgomery, Ala. Needless to say he takes with him the best wishes of the entire detachment. His geniality and never failing good humor won for him a host of friends.

Top Sergeant McWhorter is supposed to have taken in the circus Monday afternoon, but some of his friends have raised serious doubts as to whether he ever arrived at the lot. How about it, "Mac"?

Sergeant Peterson has moved his quarters. Of course, his dog moved with him. That is, that's the version "Pete" gives of it. It is said, however, that the dog moved first.

Sergeant Friedman reports that all the men are coming after white shirts and collars.

While peacefully sleeping, the other night, the Q. M. Detachment was awakened to a man, startled by wierd and wondrous sounds. A search party was organized and finally located the trouble. Private DeFoe had turned over on his back, and with his face turned toward the ceiling, his mouth opened, until his face was fairly eclipsed, he snored away in contentment. After much trouble he was aroused and after the excitement had subsided the rest of the men were able to finish the night in peace.

Private Waldron has been released from the ward and is recuperating in quarters.

We are told that the barber shop has been demobilized. Lucky devils!

FLIGHT SURGEONS FOR AIR SERVICE BEING SOUGHT

The medical officers who have served as Flight Surgeons, have been particularly active and efficient, so much so that the importance of their work has been recognized by the Air Service authorities including the commanding officers of flying fields. The Air Service now requires that a Flight Surgeon be detailed at all of its active fields.

Owing to the discharge of a large number of temporary medical officers, the Air Service needs a number of medical officers of the permanent establishment for the position of Flight Surgeon. Medical officers below the grade of Lieutenant Colonel, who desire duty of this character, are requested to communicate with the Chief Surgeon, Air Service, Washington, D. C., who will fill vacancies from among those who volunteer.

Flight Surgeons have full charge of everything connected with the physical condition and care of the flyer, and live and associate with the aviators constantly. In this way he is able to determine when any individual is not in proper condition to fly. Many of these surgeons take flying training, and become licensed pilots, authority having been granted medical officers to receive this training. When they qualify, they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of aviators including the "wings," and also

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HANG 'EM ON THE POSTMAN

General Pershing says his boys could use a good many more magazines than have been arriving overseas recently. When the ward has finished with your magazine, stick it on a one-cent stamp and give it an ocean voyage.—"Tension, 21."

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HOSPITAL WELFARE ACTIVITIES



Now that the season for baseball and tennis is on us it is only to be expected that these sports will take up the time of all our boys, but still we find that the "Indoor Sports" in the Red Cross house are still popular. Visitors at Parkview find the house filled with happy youths at the piano and pool and billiard tables.

About the only attraction that will draw the boys away during the afternoon is a long automobile ride. These rides have been freely given by the Twentieth Century Club and the Emergency Aide.

Dinner parties were numerous during the past week. Dances were also frequent and well attended.

Entertainments for the boys held at the Hospital during the week were of high standard. These ranged from the silent drama to the classic concert.

Sunday night, Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson led the boys in a song fest, which proved to us that Parkview can turn out some real good singing.

Talk about the musical inclinations of this hospital. Our orchestra is now ready to show Pittsburgh that they can produce a brand of harmony that is fit for kings.

Nurses' Notes

Wanted—Several automobile rides by all nurses to enable them to see some of this beautiful city. Call Sharpsburg 900 between 12 midnight and 11:55 p. m. any day. Ask for Anderson.

FROM OUR "JAZZ BABY"

Paris, France.

Hello Boys!

Had a wonderful voyage over—jolly crowd and great weather. Two very interesting days in Marseilles and now here we are in Paris! Great old town. We are here for two weeks anyhow, and are seeing all the sights as well as attending conferences, etc. I do miss the hospital so much. Best regards, as always,

Lucy Buchbinder.

"Creditors have better memories than debtors."—(Benjamin Franklin.) Saving eliminates the creditor. Buy W. S. S.



On Friday evening, May 16, a very delightful musical program, arranged by Miss Frances G. Weller of Pittsburgh, was staged at the "Y" Hut. The numbers were heartily received by the appreciative audience. Miss Esther V. Shultz rendered several contralto solos and readings; Miss Laura Shultz, soprano, and Mr. Chester C. Glover, tenor, were accompanied by Mr. Josiah P. Smith. Miss Mary Jane McKnight gave a very clever interpretation of a Japanese and Twilight Dances, in costume, which were highly appreciated.

On Sunday evening at the combination service, held at the Red Cross Hut, our Chaplain, now Captain Shroyer, gave a very interesting talk and we were greatly honored by the presence of Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson, with her charming and pleasing personality, who led the audience in community singing, and they certainly did sing under her direction. She rendered several solos, which were enthusiastically received by the large audience. We want to publicly express our thanks for the service she is rendering to No. 24. Sergeant Sapp accompanied her on the piano.

Unfortunately, our program for Tuesday evening, May 20, which had been arranged by Mrs. Emma Parenteau, had to be cancelled owing to the illness of Mrs. Edith Crill Wild. They promised to come out at some future date. Through the kindness of Captain Anderson, of the Red Cross, there was a moving picture show at the Red Cross Hut. The feature film, "The Vanity Pool," and a comedy were greatly appreciated by the crowd. This was followed by interesting moving pictures.

On Friday evening, May 23, Mrs. Sommerfeld of Sheraden, will stage a comedy entitled "The Dime Lunch Counter." From all reports this will be a rare treat, put on by the younger element of Sheraden. Don't miss this.

Secretary Carl A. Walter accompanied the 18th Regiment from Pittsburgh to Camp Sherman last week, and reports a jolly good time and an interesting trip with the boys.

On Tuesday evening, May 27, Mr. Arthur Love, humorist and musician, will entertain at the Hut.



"The Training of a Soldier," the U. S. Government special films, which are being shown daily at the K. of C. Hut, have proven most interesting and the daily showing will be continued until the series is finished. These pictures are shown between 12:30 and 1:30 p. m. daily and by order of the Commanding Officer all who can be spared from duty will attend.

The most interesting entertainment of the past week was the show given by members of St. Peter's Lyceum. The affair was arranged by Messrs. Phelan, Canton and Seibert. Mr. Seibert also acted as referee and announcer and gave general satisfaction. Mr. Seibert is, himself, a "lax artist" of no mean ability and it is due in great measure to his efforts that the many successful shams of this character have been staged here for the soldiers. In addition to the boxing the audience was also entertained by the Schenmar Four, an excellent quartet, which rendered many popular selections: The members of the quartet are: F. S. Martin, tenor; P. G. Corcoran, baritone; J. M. Curry, bass; C. I. Reilly, second tenor. The following bouts all were enthusiastically received: First bout—Tommy Buck, Jimmy Canlen; second bout—Jimmy McCay, Arnold Thornberg; third bout—Herman and Schauer; fourth bout—Reilly and Abbott; fifth bout—Al Martin and Mel Copeland; sixth bout—K. O. Circus and Thornberg.

On Wednesday of this week the Duquesne Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. C. E. Goldsmith, produced a black face minstrel show, that gave satisfaction to a large audience.

Saturday evening, Miss Pearl Hellerman and the Montrose School Association will present an entertainment which they call a May Festival. Music and dancing by winsome misses and many novelty numbers make up the program.

Enlisted Men's Dance—This announcement is always sure of striking a responsive chord, so we are pleased to once again invite our boys who dance to assemble at the Hut, Wednesday, May 28. The young ladies from the offices of the Carnegie Steel Corporation are the hostesses for the evening and the party will without doubt equal past successes of this nature. Charming girls, good music and "lots of eats," that's all. Our good friend, Chef Robert Mandel, will be found as usual at the buffet lunch. There may be men who can arrange a more attractive and appetizing lunch than "Our Chef," but we have never seen one. "Nuf ced."

The usual religious services will be held in the Hut Sunday. Mass will be celebrated at the usual hour, eight o'clock, and confession will be heard previous to the reading of the Mass. After Mass breakfast will be served to all who attend.

Secretary Smith, who is now in charge of K. C. work at the Hospital, is busy arranging future entertainments and promises good times in store for all.

OFFICERS' DANCE AT DUQUESNE COUNCIL

On Monday evening, May 11, members of the Hospital and officer patients to the number of fifty were entertained at the K. of C. Hall on Fifth avenue, at a dance.

Mrs. E. M. Diebold, Mrs. C. E. Vetter and Mrs. Charles Goldsmith were hostesses and received congratulations on the success of the affair. Mr. Frank Maggio and his famous orchestra furnished the music for dancing, and as usual added much to the pleasure of the occasion. It is hard to remember just how many times Mr. Maggio and his associated artists have given freely of their services for the entertainment of men in the service of the country. This was one of the many occasions when these men further endeared themselves to the personnel of Parkview Hospital.

Dancing was temporarily discontinued at 11 o'clock and the guests were invited to partake of a dainty lunch, after which dancing was resumed until after midnight.

FOUND—A ring on baseball diamond, Monday. Finder may have same by calling at Ward 2A and identifying same.

LOST—One Royal Typewriter, by Lieut. Popkin, who is now hot on the trail of the miscreant. He is now in possession of substantial proof pointing to the immediate apprehension of the guilty party.

WARNING—Immediate return of the typewriter, care "Asyouwere" office, will avoid serious complications. Ye guilty party, here is your chance; follow your conscience to the editor's sanctum—and be sure to take the typewriter with you.



Last Wednesday evening at the Red Cross Hut the Karl Heinrich dancers gave a performance under the auspices of the Jewish Welfare Board that was unique in its character and excellent in technique. One of the features of the evening was Miss Belle Tolochko, who, with Mr. Heinrich, gave several special selections that called forth great applause and encores.

The J. W. B. man has received from New York headquarters a supply of fine souvenir wallets. They are dandy things to have, whether you are the proud owner of the cash to put into it, or not. If you have not yet received any, see him and get one while the supply lasts. They were hard to get but easy to get rid of. Get in on them now.

THE WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, May 25—Religious services, 8 a. m., Catholic services, K. of C. Hut (undenominational exercise); 9:30 a. m., for patients in Ward 9B; 10:30 a. m., regular service by Chaplain in "Y" Hut, subject for sermon: "A Fitting Memorial"; 2:30 p. m., baseball game; 7:30 p. m., music, speaker, movies, Red Cross Hut.

Monday, May 26—Dr. Thomas Wood Stevens presents "Twelfth Night," Carnegie Tech Players, at Red Cross Hut.

Tuesday, May 27—Arthur Love, humorist, Y. M. C. A. Hut.

Wednesday, May 28—Carnegie Steel Dance. Enlisted men. K. of C. Hut.

Thursday, May 29—Vaudeville, Red Cross Hut.

Friday, May 30—Musical entertainment.

Saturday, May 31—Vaudeville show in K. of C. Hut.

Y.W.C.A. NOTES

Mrs. Frank Rea, who assists at the tea-room every Friday, made a very decided "hit" with the boys on her last visit. She had heard some homesick soldier lamenting over the absence of the home-made pie that mother used to make. And when Mrs. Rea arrived last Friday she brought with her a supply of delightful pastries. If Mrs. Rea doesn't want to win universal popularity she had better not let too many of the Parkviewers get their teeth in those home-made pies.

Mrs. W. W. Smith was missed by the patrons of the tea-room during the first of the week, when she was in New York City for a few days.

The popularity of the tea-room continues. The new porch with its cool awnings, flower baskets, and attractive porch furniture, is a most refreshing retreat on warm days. As many as 160 are served with tea or chocolate, delicious cake, candy and cigarettes in one warm afternoon. It is a real treat to call "time out" from work for a few minutes and relax in the happy atmosphere of the Y. W. room. Of course when the old abandoned City Home was turned into a U. S. hospital, changes were to be expected, but it would have required a good imagination to dream that an unsightly and dilapidated space between the back door of the Y. M. C. A. and a ten-foot board fence could evolve into a spot which is so refreshing that they have nick-named it Palm Beach. A large ice-box is soon to be installed and the canaries mentioned in a recent issue will make their appearance as soon as the weather becomes sufficiently warm. Listens good. N' est ce pas?

EXPRESSIONS

Sgt. Holcomb—He's an educated son-of-a-gun, isn't he?
Sgt. Barnett—Sweet essence of pretty girls. Sweet Petuttee.
Sgt. Sauer—Hot dog.
Sgt. Hayes—Give-em-hell.
Sgt. Muller—Do you want a Victory Bond? No? All right.
Pvt. Maloney (from Fort Ben)—Woof! Woof!

Pvt. Morozzi: Don't monkey with me. You know you are monkeying with the Government. Lie down, you look sleepy.

Sgt. Cole (as he turns them back from the Mess Hall)—Sorry, Jake, but you are late and out of luck.

Pvt. Morozzi (as he pushed his smiling countenance through the door of the K. C. Hut at 10 A. M. Sharp)—I was late yesterday and only got four rolls and three cups of coffee.

"I hear you've had quite a spell, Aunt Jemima."

"Yes, honey, dey done tuk me to de horsepital and guv me a epidemic in erjection."—Ex.



This is a special request to those who are holding out books from the Educational Library. Most of these books are of a professional, technical or academic nature. There is a constant demand for use-and, due to their scarcity, are very much in use. Many of these volumes are borrowed from the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh as a special courtesy to the men of Parkview. Will you, therefore, please return these as soon as you possibly can, in order that the other fellow may have an equal opportunity and in order that they may be returned to their owners in proper time?

DORMONT RED CROSS ENTERTAINS LOCAL MEN

The various communities in and around Pittsburgh seem untiring in their efforts to make the wounded men at Parkview happy. Last Thursday the Dormont Red Cross sent over a flock of automobiles and carried a hundred of the boys into their borough. The committee had their marine band out for the occasion and escorted the boys to the hall, where the tables were set for a fine chicken dinner. After the reputed soldier appetites had become matters of past history the tables were removed and dancing was indulged in. As one of the boys said: "We all left with new hearts in us. We had a ripping good time and can't thank the Dormont Red Cross enough for the hospitality they showed us."

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